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A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster-General.

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

VOL. XXX

NO. 9

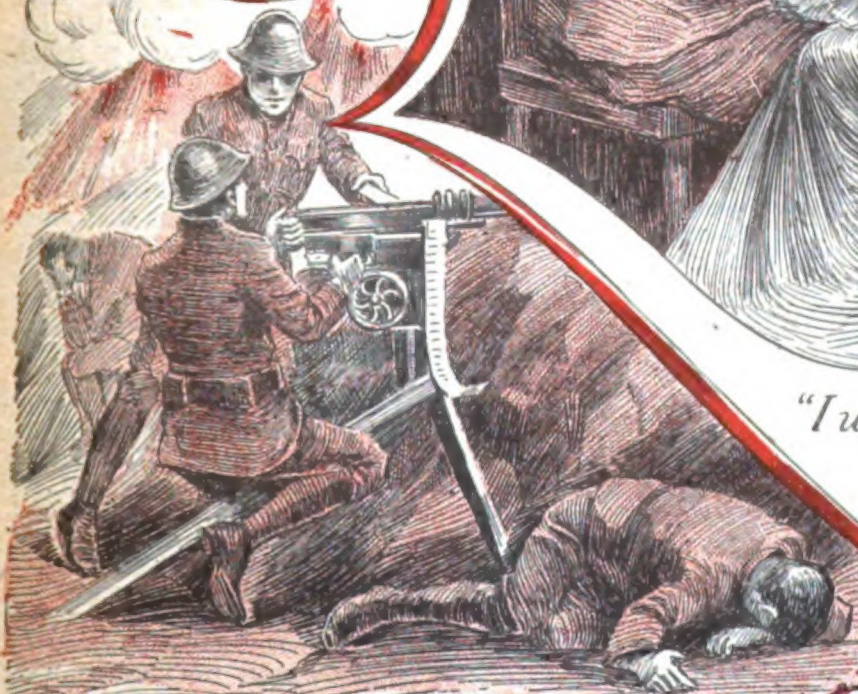
JULY
1918



*"Better stay behind at
rest billets, and get
straightened up."*



*"You must go back—
Sarah you must go back"*



*"They don't know there's
only two of us"*

*"I urge you to go
back and do your
bit with the
others, Lester."*



*"Everybody knows about
it. It was splendid, Lester."*

*Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.*

***The Mother of the Regiment** See page 20*

COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

No More Important War Work than Child Conservation—Don't Neglect the Children

THE stern necessities of war have brought us, as a people, to a realizing sense of the wastefulness which has been our besetting sin, and under pressure we are making a struggle to overcome this habit of prodigality. We are urged as a patriotic duty to practice economy in every form and those recreant to this obligation are restrained by government regulation of the necessities of life. Conservation has become the watchword of the hour.

But of all the wastefulness which we have tolerated the worst is the wastage of child life and health. Not until in recent years has the public recognition of this fact resulted in the establishment of the Children's Bureau by the Federal Government at Washington under whose auspices Baby Week was inaugurated for the first week in March, two years ago, as a nationwide crusade for the better care and conservation of very young children. The chief features of the movement were educational along the line of instructing the mothers how to take better care of their babies and thus reduce the shockingly large ratio of infant mortality equaling one infant death to every eight births and amounting to an annual total of three hundred thousand deaths of children under the age of one year for the entire country, fully half of them from preventable causes. Which means that the lives of one hundred fifty thousand babies have been sacrificed yearly to ignorance or neglect and might have been saved by proper care.

Such was death's harvest of infants in normal times of peace, but under the privations and abnormal conditions of war it is likely to increase and even extend its ravages to older children unless special efforts are made to counteract these deleterious influences. For this reason those interested in child welfare have undertaken a national movement to make this a child-saving year as a part of the great war work of the country. And this applies as well to the conservation of the lives and health of older children as of infants. The future welfare of the nation depends on the rising generation's health and vigor both of body and mind. Therefore let every mother remember that her first and highest duty of patriotism is to see that the physical, mental and moral needs of her children are properly cared for and she must not be beguiled into neglecting this service for any other form of war work. It is preeminently her war service and one that none other can perform so well. If after her duty to her family is done she has time and strength to spare she may well assist in the lighter kinds of Red Cross work, leaving the arduous war work to those who have no family responsibilities.

Working Mothers Imperil Child Life

THE employment of women, as a war expedient, in place of men to do laborious work is regarded with grave apprehension of consequences to health by those best qualified to judge of results, and they strongly remonstrate against the growing tendency in this direction. In regard to women volunteering for farm work Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Clarence Ousley, in a recent address said:

"We have not yet reached the point where it is necessary for the women generally to undertake heavy work on the farms, but they can render important service in helping to produce big food crops this year, especially in connection with the lighter farm tasks. I can imagine no finer thing, for a city woman to do in this war emergency than to go to the farm for the harvest or for some other period of labor strain to help her country sister bear the burdens of kitchen and farm.

"There are thousands of men in the towns and cities doing things that women can do as well. There are men cooks, men waiters, men

clerks, men bookkeepers, whose places might well be filled by women. I will despise American manhood if the great body of our men permit our women to be drafted for the hard tasks of agriculture until we have sent every able-bodied creature in breeches to the trenches or driven him to the fields, but women are to be encouraged, so far as their physical condition will permit or the circumstances surrounding them will advise, to engage in the lighter tasks of the farm, particularly in dairy work, in vegetable cultivation and in fruit harvesting.

"I have seen them," he said, referring to the farmers' wives, "hoeing in the hot sun while their babies lay in the shade of near-by trees. They are truly, and to the limit of their strength and their marvelous patience, the helpmeets of their husbands."

Certainly this last is not properly women's work, it is beyond their strength and at a sacrifice of their health and that of their children. The shortage of farm labor that necessitates it should be relieved by drafting the male idlers that loaf about the saloons and city streets to fight or work.

Infant mortality is closely related to women in industry, according to opinions of trained investigators who are preparing to safeguard human life during the period of war-time demands on labor, and this field labor is of the most arduous sort.

Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto, head of the Department of Child Welfare of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, believes that mothers should be kept in the homes so far as possible. She discourages day nurseries, because of the greater danger of contagion when many children are together and for the reason that nurseries tempt needy women to wean their children in order to enter wage-earning occupations. "You can not save babies if you can not give mothers advantages."

When the Care of Baby Should Begin

MRS. Max West, of the U. S. Children's Bureau says: "Mothers are just beginning to realize that if a million babies are to be saved during the children's year, better care should begin before the baby is born. The first and largest number of deaths among little babies is due to what are called prenatal causes. The essential features of good care for expectant mothers are proper and sufficient food, rest, freedom from overtaxing forms of work and from worry, medical supervision of her general condition, and prompt attention to small ailments as they arise.

"An expectant mother needs a light, nutritious diet of digestible foods, such as she likes and her appetite demands. Fried and greasy foods, puddings, and all heavy or underdone pastries, or an excess of any article should be eliminated from her diet. It is also important that an expectant mother should drink a sufficient quantity of water each day. The mother should be under the care of a good doctor as long before the birth as possible in order that he may watch for and correct any untoward symptom that may arise."

The Children's Bureau, Washington, D.-C., will send to anyone asking for it a pamphlet giving simple directions to mothers-to-be. The bureau will, upon application, furnish information to associations or communities as to starting prenatal clinics or consultation centers for mothers where the services of a good doctor are readily available. We advise our readers interested in child welfare to send for these and other publications issued free by the Children's Bureau. Not only in infancy but through the period between that and school age children need especial care, and in this connection we call attention to the valuable article by Dr. Overton on

"Bettering the Bodies of Children Under School Age" printed elsewhere in this issue.

Don't Shoot Pigeons—They May Belong to the Army

AT the urgent request of the War Department we caution our readers to refrain from shooting and trapping pigeons, the reason for which appears in the following notice issued by Colonel L. D. Wildman, of the U. S. Signal Corps, which states that:

"Owing to the great need of homing or carrier pigeons in the conduct of the war, the Pigeon Department of the Signal Corps has been expanded to large proportions. Throughout the United States the training of these pigeons is in progress on an extensive scale.

"Considerable interference has been met with in this work on account of the shooting of pigeons being trained for service. Many persons have thus impaired the service of homing pigeons, being innocent of the fact that these were birds being trained for the Army.

"A law was recently passed by Congress making it unlawful to knowingly entrap, capture, shoot, kill, possess or in any way detain an Antwerp or homing pigeon, commonly called carrier pigeon, which is owned by the United States or bears a band owned and issued by the United States having thereon the letters U. S. A. or U. S. N. and a serial number. A maximum penalty of \$100 fine, or imprisonment for six months, or both, is provided for conviction under this law.

"It is intensely unpatriotic to shoot or interfere with pigeons of any kind, inasmuch as the person indulging in this pastime has no means of differentiating between the ordinary pigeon and the homing or carrier pigeons."

Strange as it may seem, considering the telegraph, telephone, the wireless and various other scientific inventions, there are conditions in war under which all human means of communication are unavailing and in such emergencies the army and navy have to rely on their trained pigeons to carry messages of the utmost importance over the heads of the enemy and above the smoke battle. A cage of carrier pigeons is a necessary equipment of a front-line trench or advanced observation post in France, and our battleships also carry these winged messengers. If one of these birds bearing the Government band comes into your possession through any chance you should give immediate notice by registered mail to the nearest military or naval authorities. The law so requires.

National Thrift Day

THE practice of the utmost thrift is so vitally essential to our success in war that June 28th has been appointed National Thrift Day and President Wilson has issued a special appeal to the American people urging them to put forth their best energies in useful production, to forego luxuries and reduce their expenditures to the purchase of such articles as are necessary for health and efficiency, and to save their money and invest it in Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. The Government needs and must have the money, but he also explains that the increased production and saving of food and other products and materials necessary for the army and navy which will result from universal thrift and economy will far exceed the financial benefit. Money will not buy what does not exist and if the people consume what the army needs the army will go short. The use of time, labor, money or material for an unnecessary purpose is unpatriotic wastefulness.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Wild Rose Filet Lace

THIS pattern worked out and used as shown in our illustration makes a very handsome nightgown.

The pattern will be given for one figure which is clearly shown in the beading, the only difference between this and the edging for the fronts and sleeves, is that the edge is blocked.

Materials. No. 40 white mercerized crochet cotton and No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Ch. 75 sts., turn, 1 s. c. in 9th st. from hook, * ch. 2, skip 2 chs., 1 d. c. in next, repeat from * making 23 spaces in all, ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—23 sps.

3rd row.—5 sps., ch. 39, 1 d. c. on 6th double from end, 5 sps., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—5 sps. over sps., 13 sps. over ch. 5 sps., ch. 5, turn. This makes an opening for running in the waist ribbon.

Next four rows all spaces.

9th row.—5 sps., 7 doubles or 2 blocks over the next 2 sps., sp. over sp. to end.

10th row.—14 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps.

11th row.—6 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 3 blks., sps.

12th row.—6 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., sps.

13th row.—7 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 6 sps.

14th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., 2 blks., sps.

15th row.—10 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 5 sps.

16th row.—5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 3 blks., sps.

17th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., sps.

18th row.—8 sps., 9 blks., 6 sps.

19th row.—6 sps., 8 blks., 1 sp., 2 blks., sps.

20th row.—5 sps., 5 blks., 3 sps., 2 blks., sps., 21st row.—6 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 blks., sps.

22nd row.—5 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., sps.

23rd row.—5 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., sps.

24th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 3 sps., 5 blks., sps.

25th row.—6 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 8 blks., sps.

26th row.—6 sps., 4 blks., 1 sp., 4 blks., sps.

27th row.—9 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., sps.

28th row.—10 sps., 1 blk., sps.

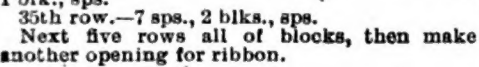
29th row.—The same as last.

30th row.—7 sps., 6 blks., sps.

31st row.—9 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., 3 blks., sps.

32nd row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., sps.

33rd row.—8 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., sps.



WILD ROSE BEADING.

34th row.—5 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 2 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., sps.

35th row.—7 sps., 2 blks., sps.

Next five rows all of blocks, then make another opening for ribbon.

For Block Edge

Make 5 rows 18 sps., wide, then 7 rows 20 sps. wide and in both cases make edge of 4 double crochet as shown instead of spaces.

Knitted Imitation Angora Collar

Collar and cuffs sets of white cotton angora are being used this summer on sweaters, waists, dresses and coats of all kinds.

The cotton has a soft wooly look and washes so nicely it is almost prettier after it has been laundered than before.

These collars can be made in a variety of ways and shaped to suit one's fancy.

For the long shawl collar, which is really newer than the sailor shape, begin by casting on from 80 to 100 stitches, on No. 5 knitting needle. The collar illustrated is of plain knitting. Work back and forth casting on one stitch at the end of each row, until the work measures three inches, then add one row of hemstitching made as follows.

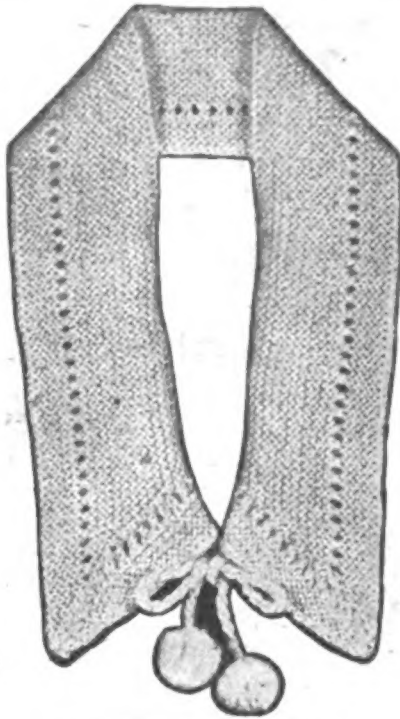
Hemstitching

Knit two stitches together, thread over needle, two stitches together thread over and repeat to end of row.

2nd row.—Knit each stitch and each loop made by casting over as a stitch. Three rows of plain knitting until border measures one and one half inches. Bind off easily so edge will not be drawn.

To Border Ends

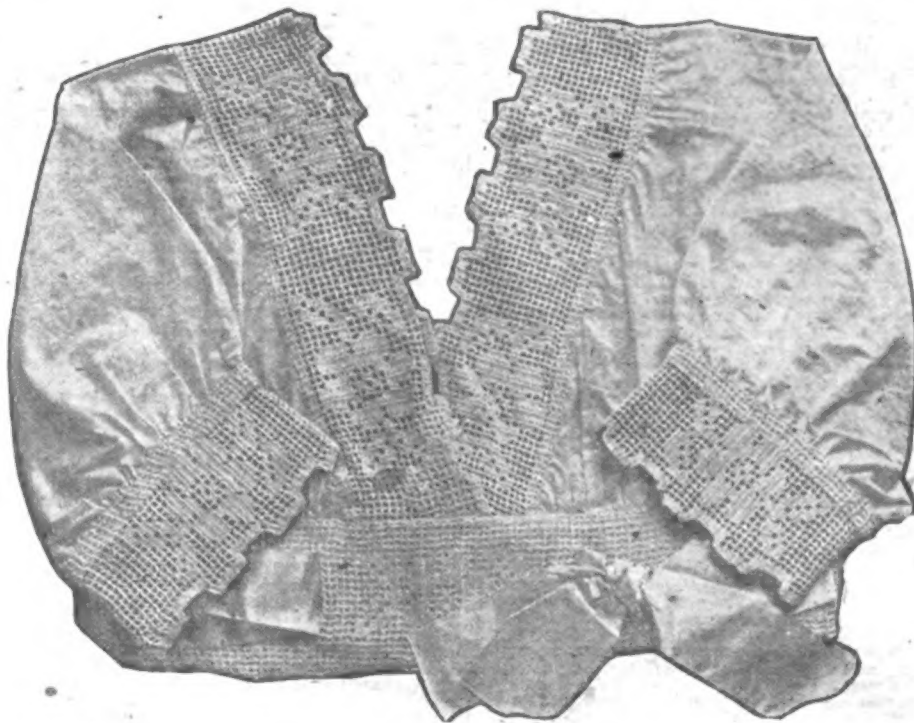
Pick up an even number of stitches on ends of the collar, turn, knit two together, thread



IMITATION ANGORA COLLAR.

over and repeat, knit plain until one has same number of ribs on completed border, casting on one stitch at the end of each row to form corner of collar and on opposite of neck end slip or bind off one stitch at end of each row.

Bind off, leaving thread long enough to join the corner. Cuffs may be made in the same way.



FILET CROCHET NIGHTGOWN. WILD ROSE DESIGN.

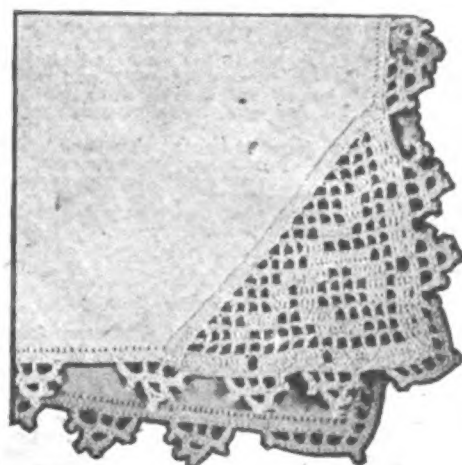
Fancy stitches are also often employed in making these collars, such as blocked squares of garter stitch and purling, or a purl center, worked by purling and knitting every other row, edged with a knitted border.

Collars edged with white are used but are not really as serviceable as they are more than liable to fade and change with wear and washing.

Filet Corner for Napkins

Materials No. 70 white mercerized crochet cotton and No. 13 steel hook.

Begin with chain 52 stitches, turn, 1 d. c. in 3rd st. from hook, 18 d. c. in next 18 stitches,



NAPKIN WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next st., 13 d. c. in next 13 sts., ch. 2, skip 2, 13 d. c. in next 13 sts., ch. 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d. c. on 4th d. c., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c., repeat making 15 spaces, then 4 d. c. on last 4 doubles, ch. 3.

3rd row.—3 d. c., 3 sps., 10 d. c. or 3 blocks over next 3 sps., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c. under ch. 5 in last row, ch. 4, turn.

4th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd double in last row,

2 more sps., 2 blks., 2 sps., 2 blks., 5 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3.

5th row.—3 d. c., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c. under ch. in last row, ch. 4, turn.

6th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd double, 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 6, turn.

7th row.—1 d. c. on 4th double, 1 sp., 2 blks., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 d. c., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

8th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd double, 3 sps., 4 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

9th row.—3 d. c., 5 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

10th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd double, 2 sps., 2 blks., 3 sps., 1 blk., ch. 3, turn.

11th row.—3 d. c., 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

12th row.—1 d. c. on 2nd double, 2 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 3, turn.

13th row.—3 d. c., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

14th row.—1 d. c., 3 sps., 4 d. c., ch. 3, turn.

15th row.—1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 1, 1 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

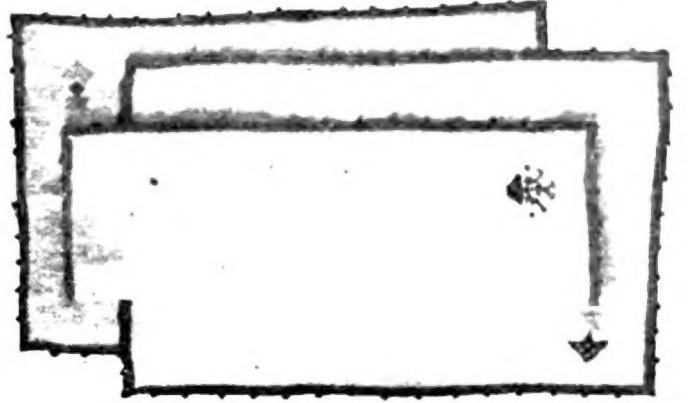
16th row.—1 d. c. 1 sp., 1 blk., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on each double and 2 or 3 d. c. under each chain or in each space down the bias side of the corner.

Single crochet all around the edge of napkin, insert the filet corner and crochet around it also in this way: 17 s. c., ch. 5, turn, 1 d. c. in 3rd s. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next 3rd s. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 3rd s. c., turn work, 3 s. c. in last space, ch. 3, form picot 3 s. c. in same sp., 3 s. c. in next sp., ch. 5, turn, 1 slip st. over 3rd double, turn, 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. all under ch. 5, then 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. in last or third space, 17 s. c. and repeat this point.

On the corners after working around a corner for 10 sts., turn and make 3 sps., working last double in corner st., ch. 5, 1 double in same st. with last, 3 more sps., turn, 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. in corner sp., 3 s. c. in each next 2 sps., 3 s. c., 1

stitches without increasing until one has 12 stripes of light and 12 stripes of dark. Slip stitches from safety pin and knit this side to correspond with the first side. Bind off and join on the wrong side.

Finish the top of the slipper with double



SUMMER BREAKFAST SET.

crochet for running in ribbons and then top with a scallop or knit a band which can be sewed on and turned over.

To make a turn over. Use either the lighter shade or white as preferred.

Cast on 22 stitches. Knit 80 ribs or 160 rows, bind off, crochet around top of slipper making 1 d. c., ch. 2 and repeat, sew strip onto it.

Finish with a twisted cord and tassels of wool or ribbons.

Vegetable Bags

Useful vegetable bags, which can be very easily made, are a great convenience.

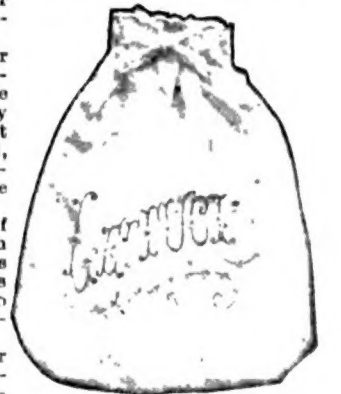
Any white material, such as linen, crash, Indian head or something similar is suitable.

The bags for lettuce, tomatoes, etc., can be made of any size to suit but should be broad, while a long celery bag will be needed.

A touch of outlining with the words worked as shown adds to their attractiveness.

Other bags for the same purpose can be crocheted of No. 6 Dexter cotton if one prefers.

Begin in the center with ch. 4, join in ring, 9 d. c. in ring, with ch. 1, between each, work round and round, increasing in each row, until circle is large enough, scallop edge and run in drawing strings.



Wall Paper Portieres

A reader gives the following directions for making the paper beads, which are afterwards strung together with glass beads. Cut a pattern from pasteboard, triangular in shape 3 inches wide and 6 1/2 inches long. Place this pattern on your paper and outline with a pencil. Then cut to shape. Roll on a large firm hat pin beginning at the three-inch side, when almost rolled put a bit of glue on the end, roll up, press into place and hold between the fingers until fast.

It is best to make a box of beads first, then select those which blend in color and are nearest of a size to string together. One gold, two silver or any color and one gold bead can be used between each paper bead or if wall paper having bright colors has been used, black may be strung between with good effect.

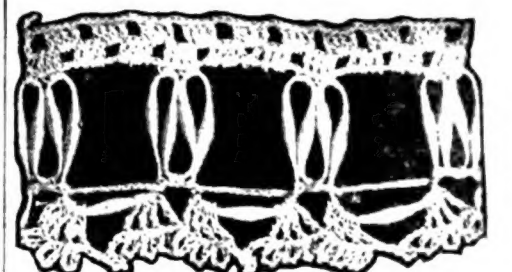
Shell Edge Beading

1st row.—Top; 2 s. c. under narrow part of braid, make loop of braid, 2 s. c. under next narrow as shown in illustration, * ch. 12, 2 s. c. under each of 2 narrows as before, repeat from *, ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—4 d. c. over 4 s. c. in previous row, ch. 2, 4 d. c. ch. 2, 4 d. c. over 4 s. c., repeat to end of row, ch. 6, turn.

3rd row.—1 d. c. on last d. c. of group, 2 d. c. under ch., 1 d. c. on first d. c. of next group, ch. 2, repeat.

1st row.—Lower edge; same as first row upper edge.



SHELL EDGE BEADING.

2nd row.—1 treble over narrow ch. 5, picot, repeat 3 times, * ch. 7, picot, ch. 3, skip 1 knot, 4 trebles with picots over next narrow, 4 tr. c. with picots over next narrow, repeat from * and fasten end securely.

GRACIA SHULL.

Summer Breakfast Set

Very attractive table sets for morning use can be made of natural crash toweling of rather coarse weave.

A square can be used for the center of varying size to fit the table and four or more individual mats or doilies about 12 by 16 inches in size.

Draw and cut each piece by a thread, then a quarter inch from edge draw out another thread or two. Crochet all along each piece of crash, working into the space, with a mercerized perle cotton and suitable hook. Single crochet for about one inch space then make a picot, wood green, golden brown or old blue make a very pretty edge.

To one corner of each piece add either a small cross-stitch design, a monogram or initials preferred.

Knitted Bedroom Slippers

Requested

Material. Use either Scotch knitting yarn or fourfold Germantown in two shades and No. 14 steel needles.

For vamp. With darker yarn cast on 17 stitches and knit plain for 5 rows.

6th row.—Knit 3 stitches with dark yarn, now with light yarn insert needle in 4th stitch, * wrap the light yarn around needle and forefinger of left hand 3 times and work this off as a stitch, then a plain stitch with dark yarn.

Repeat from * to end of row, ending with 3 plain, stitch with the dark yarn.

7th, 9th and 11th rows.—Knit plain with dark yarn, knitting every stitch.

8th and 10th rows.—With dark yarn increase in center in this way. Knit to within 3 stitches of center, insert needle in front of stitch, make a stitch, then make a stitch in back of same stitch. Knit 1, now slip the stitch off the needle; this gives an increase of 1 stitch, then knit the middle or center stitches, increase again in the next stitch.

Repeat from 6th to 11th rows (until there are 12 stripes of light and 13 dark stripes) for the vamp, then knit 27 stitches, bind off intervening stitches in center, knit 27 stitches. Slip 27 stitches on safety pin and knit on remaining 27

Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



At last he let her go and hurried away to hide the tears in his fine eyes.



She had expected them, and was accordingly prepared.



A strange woman was seen for several days prowling around.

Without another word to her quest, she turned and darted from the room.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them, they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman, who had been in a railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks cries for Nansie. Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets. That night Sibyl is awakened and overhears Jem and his wife talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket, belonging to her, is concealed. The next morning she secures it. To Lady Prescott she traces three letters "S. H. S.," which she dimly remembers and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society. She clasps a beautiful chain, to which is suspended the trinket, around her neck, and with Raymond they seek the drawing-room, where with Lady Prescott Sibyl assists in receiving the guests. Raymond, watching and anxious, admits to his mother how beautiful Sibyl is, and that no one else attracts him as she does, and that his mother has the first right to his confidence. She will like nothing better than to keep her children with her. Sibyl is introduced to Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Egbert Shirley and the guest of General Maplewood. Seized with a sudden faintness, Miss Therwin is carried to a quiet room. Sibyl remains with her, regaining consciousness. Miss Therwin reveals the letters S. H. S. interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Asking permission from Lady Prescott for Sibyl's friendship, Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott. Sibyl and Ray and invites Sibyl to ride with her, and to further her plans, requests Robert to stop at the Widow Martin's, who does work for two orphan girls under her care at home. Sibyl's belief in Ada's work of charity arouses her interest, and, unassuming of her designs, Ada gains her confidence and the story of her early life, the railroad accident and the hope that some day, through the ornament which so strangely affected Ada, she will find her. Arriving home, Ada plots the ruin of Sibyl and the winning of Raymond Prescott, and, offering five thousand pounds, enlists the aid of an unscrupulous woman, Judith, to be known as Sylvia Hortense Stillman. Raymond requests Sibyl to give her opinion on a picture he contemplates buying, and she goes with pleasure, but deprecates her opinion, feeling her littleness and Raymond's superior mentality. He begs her not to fear his criticisms or to shut him out in the cold. Ada Therwin, seeing Raymond and Sibyl enter the studio, joins them, and leaving, tells her of the woman, Mrs. Stillman, who needs help. Realizing the necessity of placing Sibyl beyond the reach of Raymond Prescott, she makes a compact with the Duke d'Amigne, to whom Sibyl conceives a dislike, and repulses his attentions. Raymond asks Sibyl to be his wife. Going with Ada Therwin, Sibyl meets Mrs. Stillman, a widow and childless, who excites not only Sibyl's sympathy, but her suspicions, when she hears the story of the railroad accident, the death of her little Sibyl and the resemblance Sibyl has to her; and with the assurance that she watches for her coming her heart sinks—what she fears is true, and going home Raymond realizes Sibyl is sick. To further her scheme, Ada Therwin admits to Mrs. Stillman her anxiety to get Sibyl away from Raymond Prescott's company and the opportunity Mrs. Stillman has to make a snug fortune if she will assist one who is enamored with Sibyl. Telling his name, Judith queries why she knows so much about him. Mrs. Stillman gives the story of her shameful life, and with no doubt in Sibyl's mind as to her parentage she refuses to become Raymond's wife, even when he places the ring upon her finger.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"RAY, IT CANNOT BE."

WHEN at last Raymond heard his mother's voice below he rose, saying, tenderly:

"Sibyl! I am going down to tell my father and mother what you have just told me—you are not strong enough to repeat it again, and I want you to lie here and rest until I come back to you. My princess—my darling! do you know how very dear you are to me? No power on earth shall ever take you from me."

He took her face between his hands, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her pale lips, trying all the while not to see the fixed purpose which still shone in her eyes.

Then placing her gently back upon the soft cushions, he left her, and went down to tell her sad tale.

Pen cannot describe the consternation which his news created. Lady Prescott was shocked beyond measure, and nearly heartbroken as Sibyl

herself, over the humiliation that had come to her darling.

Sir Athelstone, however, at first indignantly refused to believe a word of the cunningly constructed tale.

"Only a singular coincidence," he persisted, with a frown, "or possibly the woman is in league with those people down at Flamborough Head, who have taken this way to get money out of us."

"But the necklace, how do you account for that?" again demanded Raymond.

"It is doubtless paste, or some other clever imitation. You know they had that ornament which Sibyl wears for years, and they could easily have had a necklace made to match that," he argued stubbornly, yet very cleverly.

Raymond's heart leaped.

"What possible object could she have had, then," he asked, thoughtfully and doubtfully, "in telling such a story of shame? Surely she could not expect that would help her to gain either money or protection."

This argument seemed unanswerable, and Sir Athelstone was silent, although he bitterly rebelled against every step taken.

Lady Prescott stole away after a while to comfort Sibyl, and found her burning with fever, and sadly in need of both sympathy and attention.

Raymond and his father discussed the matter until after midnight, without settling what was best to be done.

The next morning Sibyl was too ill to arise, but Raymond and his father paid an early visit to Mrs. Stillman.

She had expected them, and was accordingly prepared upon every point which they brought up.

She told her story calmly, and in a very concise manner. It was exactly the same as she had related to Sibyl the day before, and no amount of cross-questioning could make her contradict herself, and both her visitors were compelled to acknowledge that her story had every appearance of being true.

She showed them the necklace, and Sir Athelstone's theory regarding its being an imitation fell to the ground at once; for he saw that it was composed of gems of the most costly nature, and must have been purchased by a person of unlimited wealth.

On one subject alone she utterly refused to enlighten them.

She would not tell them who had been the father of her children, and no amount of reasoning or entreaty could bring her to the point of confession.

In vain Sir Athelstone promised that justice should be done her, even at that late day—the man should either be compelled to marry her, or provide handsomely for her in the future. She grew sullenly silent, and they had to relinquish all hope of ever learning that secret, and left the place with sad faces and heavy hearts.

"I shall marry Sibyl at once—she shall never leave us to suffer the scandal of such a revelation," Raymond said, on their way home.

"Wait, wait, my boy—if you marry her in such a hurry as this everybody will imagine that something is wrong; for many have been, and still are, very curious regarding the circumstances of her birth. I am not going to give up all hope that this is a cunning lie yet; I shall run down to Scarborough tonight, and see if I can find that family who took care of Mrs. Stillman during the sickness that followed her injuries."

Raymond gladly caught at this straw, and saw the wisdom of his father's advice.

Sir Athelstone was as good as his word. He left his patients and went himself to make the inquiries that he spoke of, and thorough business he made of it, too.

But everything he learned only went further to confirm the story he had already heard.

He could not find the family with whom Mrs. Stillman professed to have spent so many weeks; they had moved away many years previous, and no one knew where they were; but there were some living there yet who remembered a tall, dark, handsome woman, with black hair and eyes, who had been injured and remained there sick some time, and who had become nearly frantic, on being restored to health, at the loss of her child.

He then sought the farm, where she said she had spent a number of weeks to regain her health before the accident.

He found it, but the man and his wife who had owned it at the time were both dead, and no one remained but a younger daughter, who had just married and settled there. The elder children had all gone away.

She remembered the beautiful lady with her little girl, and the nurse, but had forgotten their names entirely, and so Sir Athelstone went back to Dunfries with a very heavy heart, but convinced beyond a doubt that Sibyl's sad history was true.

He argued, begged, and pleaded in vain.

His answer was ever the same:

"Ray, it cannot be."

To his reiterated assertion that he should obtain a special license, and send for Dr. Edgeworth, she only said, with a look of pain:

"That would only make it much harder for me, dear; I could not bear it, I am afraid."

"Do you mean, love, that you would refuse in Dr. Edgeworth's presence to be Raymond's wife?" asked Sir Athelstone, wondering at her resolution.

"Yes," she answered, but her face was deathly white.

"It will not do, Raymond, to press the matter now," he said, in an aside to his son. "It would take but very little to throw the child into a fatal brain fever. Wait a while until she is calmer, and then perhaps she will be more reasonable."

The next few days were full of pain and anxiety for the whole household.

Sibyl was so prostrated that she feared it would take her a long time to rally, but her will was very strong, and at the end of a week she began to mend and make preparations for removing to Algeria street.

"Sibyl, can you love me and yet persist in this thing?" Raymond cried, in despair, on the last day she was to be with him.

"You know that I love you, Ray, better than all else in the world."

"Will nothing make you yield? Be my wife, and I will take you and your mother anywhere—to the ends of the earth if you say, where you can have no fear of the world's scorn for me," he pleaded, as the carriage drove to the door to take her away.

He wound his arms about her as if determined she should not go; he bowed his head upon her bright hair, and shed such tears as a man can only shed once in a lifetime.

But the answer came sweet and low, though firm, while the slight frame shook like a reed:

"Nothing, my beloved! and God give you comfort. Oh, Ray," she added, nearly breaking down now that the moment of parting had come: "try not to think unkindly of me—try to believe that nothing but my great love for you, and the knowledge that it is right and best for you, could ever have given me strength for this hour."

"Sibyl, my darling, I know it; I know that you are sacrificing yourself and all your future hopes to a mistaken idea that it is for my good; but, love, you will see things differently by and by, and"—taking the hand that still had the diamond circlet on it, for he would not consent to have it removed—"remember I do not release you from your promise to me; I shall never release you until you tell me you have ceased to love me; and this is the seal I have set to it. If I cannot have the right of a husband to care for you, I will remain true to you as your betrothed, and as long as we both do live we belong to each other. You will not forget my words?"

"I could not forget if I would. Oh, Ray! Ray!" and she went forth from her happy home with a nearly breaking heart.

Lady Prescott accompanied her; she had been there before several times during the last few days, and hired two more rooms adjoining those occupied by Mrs. Stillman, and had them furnished with all the beautiful things which had been in Sibyl's own room at Sir Athelstone's—her piano, her books, pictures, ornaments, and a hundred things that had grown very dear to her.

Sir Athelstone, deeply agitated at her departure, had taken her in his arms and blessed her, calling her his "dear child still," and when he at last let her go and hurried away to hide the tears in his fine eyes, he left a package in her hands.

She afterward found it to contain a bank book, showing upon its pages a sum of money put at interest for her that would yield her an income of four hundred pounds yearly.

Thus Sibyl's trust that "some way would be provided," had been verified.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

The spring following Sibyl's departure from the fisherman's inn at Flamborough Head, a strange woman was seen for several days prowling around in that vicinity.

She passed the inn again and again, peering curiously in at the wide door, stretching her neck to look in at the windows, and even slyly visited the stables, prying into every stall and corner with restless, eager eyes, and great anxiety of manner.

At last the woman entered the inn, and, without waiting to be shown the way, walked directly to the receiving room, and seated herself in one of the stiff-back chairs, with as much assurance and composure as if she were accustomed to coming there every day in the year.

After a few quick, searching looks around, she kept turning her head from side to side in a listening attitude, while her lips moved continually, and her eyes had a strained, yearning look in their clear depths.

Presently Nell Sloan made her appearance, looking much the same as at the opening of our story, only a little more obese in her proportions,

and not at all improved in the tidiness of her attire or personal aspect.

"Well," she said, planting herself in the middle of the doorway, her hands on her broad hips, and looking her visitor over with her keen, bright eyes. "Jane said you wanted me."

"And so I do, Mistress Sloan. How do you do after all these years?" the stranger returned, coolly removing her bonnet, and turning her face upon the landlady.

Mrs. Sloan gave a sudden start.

"Well said! Ye hain't grown handsome since ye cut sticks from here," she began.

"I've come for the child; where is she?" was the next startling remark from the stranger.

"A pretty time this to come for the young one ye left squalling on my hands near about eleven year ago. Did ye expect to find her here, I sh'd like to know?"

A gray pallor overspread the woman's face, and her eyes filled with fear.

"Is she dead? did she die?" she gasped.

"Die! I guess not. She lived to be the spunkiest, laziest brat that ever drew breath; and a pretty penny she cost me, too, mooning around here from morning till night with a book in her hand, for ten long years."

"Ten? It's going on eleven now; isn't she here now?" and the strange creature caught her breath quickly.

"No, she ain't, and plaguery glad I was to get rid of her, too."

"What have you done with her? where is she? Tell me, for I must find her; and the woman became violently agitated.

"Well, now, that's cool! Did ye expect ye could go off and leave a young one like that, and then come back after all these years, and put yer hand right on her again?" Nell demanded, with an ugly sneer, as she sank into a chair near the door.

"I could not help it; I did not know what I was about. That knock on my head took all my sense away."

"Where have ye been all this time?" demanded Nell, with considerable curiosity.

"Sick; stretched on my bed with inflammatory rheumatism, in a foreign country, for nine years."

"Ye might have writ."

"I could not hold a pen in my hand. See!" and she held up her right hand all cramped and drawn out of shape.

"Well, ye might have got some one to write for ye, then."

"Nobody believed my story. They thought I was crazy. They did not speak the same language; and besides, I could not remember your name, nor where you lived," the stranger explained, in trembling tones.

"How did ye find the place, then, now?"

"I knew where that dreadful accident happened, and as soon as I could get on my feet I went to work to earn money to take me there. I had some idea of how this place looked, and for three weeks I have been tramping around to find it. Day before yesterday I stumbled upon the place, and I've been looking around to try to see if I could find the child, and not daring to ask lest they should tell me she was dead. I went to the schoolhouse and looked at every child, but there was no face among them all that looked like hers."

"Did ye expect to know her even now if ye had seen her?"

"Yes, yes; I could tell her among thousands. Ten years could not change her so that I should not know her. Oh! tell me, please tell me, where I can find her," Nancy Crawford—for she it was—cried out, with eager pain.

"That's more than ye've any right to know, after deserting a little innocent like that," said Nell, cruelly.

"I know, I know; but I could not help it; tortures would not have compelled me to do it if I had been in my right mind," wailed Nancy, with streaming tears.

"Well, then, I can tell ye this much, a gentleman and lady came and took her away last November."

"A gentleman and lady! What was their name?" gasped Nancy, eagerly.

"That's my secret. I've had trouble enough about the brat first and last, and I can't afford to give too much information free," Nell returned, with a greedy look at the little black bag which her visitor held in her lap.

"Oh!" she cried, "I'd gladly give you any amount of money, if I had it, but I've only enough to get me home from here, and then I'll have to earn more to start out again; for I must find my darling. I shall never know rest or peace again, until she is found and restored to her mother."

"Who is her mother?" demanded Nell, cunningly.

"You can't expect that I am going to tell you that, when you refuse me the simple thing I ask," returned Nancy, indignantly.

"Well, well, don't get mad and I'll tell you all I know about it, which is precious little, since I have never heard a word, nor set eyes on any of them since they went away from here," Nell said, somewhat subdued. "You may believe I was glad of any chance to get rid of her, for she never

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



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Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE first and second letters on this page are splendid examples of patriotism and shining examples of what every one of us can accomplish if we but try. The Red Cross workers can keep on with their good work, but there is need for immediate action if your appeal to your Congressman (get his name from your postmaster if you don't know it) against raising postal rates on magazines, is to have any effect. You know better than anyone just what it will mean to you if such a law passes and if you have the educational interests of yourselves and children at heart you will not delay another minute in sending in your protest.—Ed.

CAUTION, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I've never seen a letter from this part of Arkansas, so will come in and tell you about our knitting club. There were forty-five women registered, which speaks well for our little town with only two hundred inhabitants. We found that yarn was very expensive, so we secured twenty pounds of wool, cards and wheel, and we are spinning our own yarn, which makes it much cheaper than buying it already spun. The children were very interested and amused as they had never seen any carding or spinning before. Several young men from this place have gone to the front to help protect our country. Among them was my youngest son. He joined May 7, 1917, and landed in France June 26, 1917. He is fighting now, and mothers and fathers that have sons there know what it means. Every Wednesday evening, when our knitting club meets and after our scripture lesson is read, we have a short prayer for God's divine guidance in all that we do for the upbuilding of his kingdom here on earth. Failure to win this war means destruction to all God-fearing nations.

I will close by asking the prayers of all Christian people for victory in this war without God's help we can do nothing. E. B. M.

OSGOOD, INDIANA.

DEAR CORNER FRIENDS:

Our Corner seems quite a haven of peace in these troubled days, but I notice that some of the sisters are like myself—can't write a letter without mentioning the war. For me, everything else—women's suffrage, prohibition, labor problems—all have taken back seats except where their speedy solution might help our nation in the war. It's not a time to clean house when the whole town's a-fire!

I've sent in a protest to our congressman against raising postal rates on magazines; have you? Got 338 signatures just among my friends and acquaintances. Rates will be raised in July if we don't let Congress know we won't stand for it. We need magazines now more than ever, for just news papers can't help us to understand the world crisis as we should. I have been on a committee to collect books for soldiers' camps, and was delighted to see quite a number of Uncle Charlie's books contributed, also COMFORT subscriptions. My nephew in camp writes me that they are very popular with the boys—that he has seen many a chap reading the poems, with a big grin; has heard many allusions to "How U. C. Became a Hero in the Spanish-American War." If you want to send some sunshine to our boys, send them the stories and poems, and keep them in touch with home folks by a COMFORT subscription sent to the Camp X. M. C. A. reading rooms. There should be a number of copies, for they are in demand and wear out by use.

Don't fail to dry a bushel of sweet apples this summer. When you use them, don't add a bit of sugar—only a little cinnamon. But go slow on pie crust—it's hard on both stomach and liver. Also if you have more peaches than you can use, dry them while still green, and they will keep their sweetness. Every bit of food conservation in our own homes is going to add to the food supply of our boys who are engaged in the greatest war ever waged for freedom.

Love to all.

M. R.

TEXAS.

DEAR SISTERS:

Here I come for the first time. I am tired of the discussion of city and country life. I'd like a seat by V. M., for I, too, do not love my husband. He is kind to me and doesn't talk back when I fuss at him. On Sunday he does nearly all the work, makes the beds, sweeps and does most of the cooking so I can rest. In the afternoon we go driving and he spends the rest of the day with me. He is a good provider and doesn't drink or gamble, but, listen, he chews tobacco, but he loves me. We have no children. Hubby loves children and has always wanted to adopt a baby since I never would consent to give birth to one but they are lots too much trouble for me. I don't believe I would love one of my own. We are able so far as this world's goods are concerned to raise a family. I am twenty-six years old and have been married five years. When I try to look at my life I draw back, as it is empty.

I hope this letter will be printed. I may come again and tell you how I amuse myself when Hubby is away. Maybe you would like to know what I look like. I have light blue eyes, dark curly hair and weigh 140 pounds and was never sick in my life.

My letter is getting long, so I will go.

LULA.

Lula.—Your letter must have been designed and meant as a pride smasher for it has smashed mine into little bits and I can never feel the same again, never! When a person averages about four hundred letters a month for as many years as I have they may be pardoned if they think they know something about letters and people in general, but, Lula, you've got me guessing. Your letter is the very limit. I have a sneaking suspicion that you are trying to jolly me and still your letter seemed sincere enough. I won't say all that I think about you for I am in hopes you will awake to a realizing sense of your worthlessness and become a real woman. Write again and tell us it was all a joke and that we were very stupid not to have known it.—Ed.

FITZFIELD, WIS.

Oh, You Big-Hearted American Girls: My letter in the April number has brought hundreds of personal replies and they are still coming. I've answered all that inquired for board, rent, land, work, etc., and will answer the rest as soon as possible. I may take months, so if you change your address, let me know. Some of your letters cast mine several de-

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IF we've given our war gardens and our poultry yard the attention necessary to make them successful, we can feel that our 4th of July dinner is really patriotic and that we are not depriving our boys of anything that would add to their needs and necessities. Of course, if we live near a lake where trout, salmon or any other kind of fish are caught (and we are fishermen enough to catch them), that makes the matter just that much easier and more patriotic.—Ed.

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick currants over carefully and wash. A wooden potato masher is best for this purpose, and continue until desired quantity of currants is reached. Cook slowly until currants look white. It is better to use equal quantities of red and white currants, as the jelly will be lighter in color. Strain through a coarse strainer and allow juice to drop through a bag made of two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. Measure, bring to boiling point and boil five or six minutes; add an equal amount of heated sugar and boil three minutes longer. Skim carefully and pour into small jelly glasses. Let stand in warm, sunny place for twenty-four hours, then cover and keep in a dry, cool place.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Follow recipe for currant jelly. **RASPBERRY JAM.**—Pick raspberries over carefully and mash in small quantities at a time in preserving kettle, using wooden potato masher. Heat slowly to a boiling point and add gradually an equal quantity of heated sugar and let it cook slowly nearly an hour.

SUNBONNET COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one egg, 1 large spoon of milk or water, one half cup of butter, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, put



SUNBONNET COOKIES.

in flour enough to make a soft dough, roll out thin, powder it with sugar and cut in the shape of sunbonnet cookies. These can be made from a pattern cut from cardboard which is laid over the dough.

MARY H. NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE.—Shave one grapefruit, one orange and one lemon very thin, taking care that the cores and seeds do not get in. Use all the pulp and peel. Measure the fruit and add three times the amount of water and let it stand in an earthen bowl overnight. In the morning let it boil ten or twelve minutes and again remain overnight. On the second morning add an equal amount of sugar and boil it until it jellies.

CANNED CHERRIES.—Wash cherries and remove the pits. Allow a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Make a syrup of the sugar and cherry juice with enough water added to cover the cherries. Boil eight or ten minutes and turn into bottles and seal. If you do not care to have the cherries quite so sweet, use one pint of sugar to one pint of pitted cherries.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—Top and stem the gooseberries. To every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar. Put the gooseberries into preserving kettle and cover with cold water. Boil until soft, add the sugar and cook slowly, stirring often. Put into tumblers and set aside to cool.

STEAMED SALMON WITH YELLOW EGG SAUCE.—Wipe clean four pounds of salmon and wrap in cheese-cloth. Set in a plate in a steamer and cook until fish will separate from bone—no longer. Allow about forty-five minutes.

SAUCE.—Melt two tablespoons of butter and when it bubbles, slowly begin adding two tablespoons of dry flour. When smooth, add one cup of scalded milk, and season with salt and cayenne pepper. Simmer ten minutes, then add three hard-boiled egg yolks finely chopped. Use white of egg cut in rings with parsley as a garnish.

CREAMED SALMON.—Melt together three level tablespoons of butter and three level tablespoons of flour, add two cups of milk and let cook until thick, then add one can of salmon, chopped fine, and cook a few minutes longer. Season with salt and pepper and serve on crackers or toast.

SCALLOPED EGGS.—Line bottom of a shallow buttered baking dish with bread crumbs and cover with slices of hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, dot with small pieces of butter, then add more bread crumbs, etc., until dish is nearly full. Moisten with rich milk and bake in quick oven until golden brown.—Mrs. FRED FETNER, Falls City, Nebr.

HOW TO MAKE FISH SAVORY.—Make a sauce of one tablespoon of butter, a scant tablespoon of flour stirred in a little cold water, one cup of milk in which a "pinch" of soda has been dissolved; cook until smooth, then add a gill of strained tomato juice, a little salt, a dust of cayenne pepper; stir in last, one and one half cups of flaked cold cooked fish, toss and stir until the fish is heated through and serve on toast.

POTATO FIRECRACKERS FOR FOURTH OF JULY.—Wash medium-sized potatoes in cold water, do not remove outside skin, place in steamer over boiling water until



POTATO FIRECRACKERS FOR FOURTH OF JULY.

they are tender. Peel and mash fine in an earthen dish with seasoning of salt, pepper, one half cup of melted butter, cup of rich milk. Roll into the form of firecrackers, then roll them in cracker crumbs and fry brown. Stand them on end and insert a bit of macaroni for a fuse.—MARY H. NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

MEAT SHORTCAKE.—Make a rich biscuit crust, divide it into halves and roll out half an inch thick, put in a pan, spread with butter and lay the other half over it. Bake in a hot oven. Chop scraps of cold boiled meat very fine, put in a stew pan together with cold gravy or sufficient milk or water, season with salt, pepper and butter, thicken with flour and let simmer till ready for use. When the cake is done, split it in halves, lay the under half on a warm platter, pour the meat over it, cover with the top crust and serve at once. MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Calif.

PATRIOTIC DINNER.—Cook one half cup rice in salted

water until done, use enough water so that when done it will spread evenly. Boil one half package macaroni or spaghetti in salted water until tender, drain, rinse with cold water. Save two tablespoons tomato soup in a saucer; empty the remaining contents of the can into saucepan, and add half the quantity of water; an onion, or other seasoning if liked, chopped fine, a tablespoon of drippings; let simmer ten minutes with the macaroni added. Turn into pudding dish, spread thickly with the rice, sprinkle grated or chopped cheese over rice, dot with corn spots of saved tomato soup, and place in hot oven until cheese is melted and slightly browned. Serve in dish in which it was baked. Some folks do not care for either rice or cheese, and to those I say, try it once. Add fresh or cooked fruit for dessert or war cake and coffee, and if the men don't unbutton their vests it will be because they have had meatless meals and eatless days the week before.—Mrs. R. E. ROCKSTON, Bel Air, Md.

RICE MUSH.—Stir gradually into one quart of boiling water a good half cup of corn meal, add one cup of washed rice, a teaspoon of salt, and cook slowly, stirring often. When the rice is thoroughly done, turn the mush into a dish of suitable shape and when cold slice and fry in butter.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Boil three large sweet potatoes until very tender, then mash them fine, add a cup of sweet milk, a cup of sugar, three well beaten eggs and spice to taste. Bake in an under crust only until brown.

MINCED FOWL IN RICE Cakes.—To extend a small quantity of meat or poultry by the addition of rice is true economy. Boil in a mixture of milk and water, about three quarters of a cup of rice and when nearly tender steam until almost dry. Season with a little salt, the water in which it cooks. Pack while warm



MINCED FOWL IN RICE Cakes.

into individual cups and set aside to cool. When ready to serve scoop a portion from the center of each mound, reserving this part for the next day's soup. Fill the spaces with minced fowl that has been reheated in a little of the gravy. Season with a little chopped parsley, stand the cup in a pan of hot water, cover the top with greased paper and let it stand in a warm oven for twenty minutes.

CREAM OF CARROT SOUP.—Boil one pint of scraped and sliced carrots until tender and put through vegetable press. Heat one quart of milk, add butter size of small egg, then add strained carrots. Season with pepper and salt. Just before serving, add one cup rich milk and yolks of two eggs, beaten.

FIG PUDDING.—Stew one and one half pounds of figs until tender; strain and cook the juice for fifteen minutes. Chop the figs and add the juice. Put in pudding dish and cover with one cup of shredded cocoanut. Brown in oven.—Mrs. L. G. ELMONDS, Webster, Mass.

COMBINATION BISCUIT.—One half cup each corn meal and Graham and two cups of white flour, two tablespoons shortening, one tablespoon of sugar and one teaspoon of salt. Moisten with sweet milk to admit of rolling out rather thin.

AMERICAN CHOP STEAK.—Cut five slices of salt pork into small pieces and fry out in frying pan. Slice four good-sized onions into the pork fat and fry until brown, to this add one pound of hamburger steak, mix

together and cook until steak is done. In another dish cook twelve sticks of macaroni twenty minutes or until done. Have a dish large enough to contain all the ingredients. Into this put one quart of tomatoes, drain the macaroni and add to the tomatoes, then pour onion and meat mixture into this and stew a few minutes and add butter, pepper and salt.—Mrs. L. G. ELMONDS, Webster, Mass.

CHOCOLATE DROP CAKES.—Two cups of brown sugar, three-quarters cup of melted butter

or lard, two eggs, one cup of milk, two thirds cup raisins, chopped, one cup of raisins, chopped but not fine, two squares of chocolate melted, one level teaspoon of soda dissolved in hot water, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, vanilla and flour enough to make rather stiff dough. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pan and bake in hot oven. When cold, cover with the following icing:

ICING.—One egg, beaten, two squares chocolate, melted, and one half cup powdered sugar and milk enough to make it of the right consistency to spread.—Mrs. FRED FETNER, Falls City, Nebr.

PRUNE PUFFS.—Put one pound of prunes in cold water and boil gently until tender, then stone and rub through a sieve, add one cupful of sugar and the well beaten whites of three eggs; bake fifteen minutes and serve with whipped cream. If cream cannot be obtained, a good substitute for whipped cream is the following: Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, add one cupful of milk (a spoonful at a time), sweeten to taste and flavor with vanilla.

SWEET FRUIT SALAD.—Peel oranges with a sharp knife down to the fruit; separate the sections and arrange in a round center on lettuce leaves. Surround



SWEET FRUIT SALAD.

the orange with pieces of pineapple. Mix together equal parts of finely chopped celery, nuts and apple, and make a circle of it between the orange and pineapple, and cover with cream dressing.

DRESSING.—Work to a fine mash four hard-boiled egg yolks and season with a teaspoon of salt, one scant teaspoon of mustard and two dessert spoons of vinegar. When thoroughly blended, add one and one third cups of cream beaten stiff, a little at a time, till the whole mixture is smooth and stiff, and lastly add a pinch of cayenne pepper.

BRAN MUFFINS.—One cup of bran, two thirds cup white flour, two thirds cup corn meal, two teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon soda, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one egg, one tablespoon melted lard and buttermilk enough to leave it a stiff dough. Pour in muffin pans and bake in hot oven.—Mrs. W. F. WINTER, Dos Cabezas, Ariz.

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The patriarch Abraham and the apostle Paul, John Wycliffe and Christopher Columbus, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, were "citizens of the world."

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grees in the shade, but having gained such a reputation on paper for optimism, I'll keep it going in my home life if I have to tickle my own nose with a pine needle.

Love for my home caused me to give it a higher sounding name than "stony day." I didn't mean to tell even a little "white one" and you would call it a cabin or shanty instead of a bungalow, I know. Most of the furniture is home made. Perhaps that's why it all seems so dear to me.

This time I am sitting on a log instead of among the pillows. And as "Daddy" walks four miles daily and works twelve hours nights every other week it keeps me busy prizing at the home end of the line, so I cannot sit here long. Gardening, ducking, canning, pickling and burning brush, cutting cedar for posts and pickets, whitewashing, and caring for house and kiddies that's my recreation now. I whistle merrily, as Tomboys should, and all the time my thoughts are busy digesting things I have read when I had more thoughts the best companions ever? It took years for me to learn that I didn't need to soak them in the dishpan.

To the girls that scolded me for likening a wife to a knife I will "fess up" that it was a shabby trick. I understand better than you think. It's only the two yards length o' me and so much turned up for feet that makes me look so green. The only time I wear it purposely is on St. Patrick's Day. Just the same, I'd like to know what some of you girls did to make John act so horrid! If you didn't start something—I'll bet you looked it! Now, I am in for it, but honestly, he misses his mother, too. Some mothers spoil their boys shamefully. I've seen sweet little fellows of four and five strike back while the grownups looked on with a smile. Is it any wonder the wives get discouraged with them. You can't change them now, they've had their own way too long and if you care for peace in the home you will have to be the one to learn new tricks. Is your home pleasing to be the one to learn new tricks. I could fill a book with "don'ts" but you know best what John does and does not like. Praise goes quite a ways with these boys and I know. I make conversation after we've told them all we know. Advise them not to work so hard when they look tired—they'll do as they had a mind to anyway.

Remember that time when you decided to be an actress? About fifteen, weren't you? I was, and two years later wanted to be a nurse. I can pull a long face and look so full of compassion when John gets a silver in his thumb, while inside I am all of a "woolup" over the new hat I just made. Berciful! I suppose so, but we're both delightfully happy.

About the gifts. I made a neat tobacco bag from the backs of two old leather mittens. Embroidered the sides, pinked the tops, buttonholed the edges together, using bright colored silk and braided double draw-strings and tassels of the same. I lengthened the sack at the top by sewing in a piece of strong cloth to match the thread. The mittens were soft and washed well.

For the man who carries postcards and letters in his pocket, make a book-shaped case of stiff pasteboard. Tablet backs will do, and cover with a cloth that wears well, embroider or outline on the sides or just work the words "Cards." If for a birthday gift, glue on the inside of the covers two birthday cards, old ones will do as the backs will not be seen. Fasten together at the back with fancy stitches or tiny ribbons and sew on a strong rubber band. Use a large postcard for a pattern.

My husband thinks a great deal of a small needle-case I made for him. It holds a few needles, two safety pins, a tiny pocket of pants buttons and about three needlefuls of No. 8 thread. This is also booklet shape with felt covers and thinner cloth for leaves. Bits of macaroon would do. Buttonhole the edges, fasten a rubber band on it and it is done. Of course it can be made as fancy and elaborate as one wishes.

For the girls bags of every shape, size and material. Bags for laundry, clothespins, crochet, knitting, toilet and scraps. One can't have too many. Corners turned up and trimmed with odd buttons; plain ones trimmed with fringe or tassels; dark ones with all-over lace and flowers sewed on; lighter ones with darker embroidery or scenes in outline; cutlery bags trimmed with braid, and even flour sacks, starched or dyed, and trimmed with hemstitching, feather-stitching or narrow lace. The handles, draw-strings, bands or hangers may be of cord, remnants of ribbon, braided silk, etc. I have bags to match every dress, all made from old velvet hats, and they are as pretty as any I've seen.

I have your letters all neatly rubber banded in packages of ten, and have a lot of rubber bands left yet—what shall I do with them? Every time it rains I read some of your letters and they have helped a lot. Some had been watching aeroplanes and others hoeing cotton and I learned more about our great country than I ever knew before.

Sincerely,

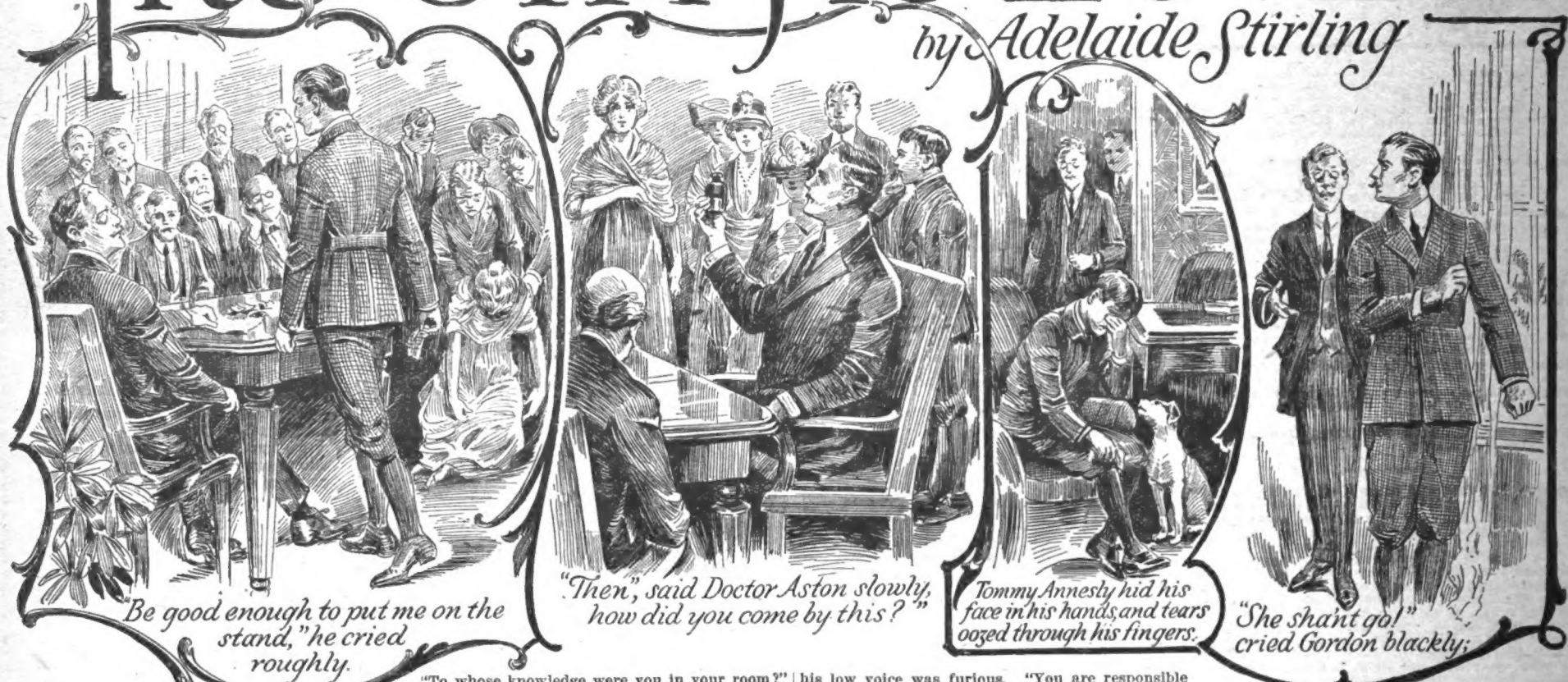
PEARL VESSEY.

Pearl Vessey.—The timely arrival of your letter made it unnecessary for me to send you a special delivery invitation to come again, as I surely thought I'd have to, for, at least, every other letter I read from the sisters asked why

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)

The Girl He Loved

by Adelaide Stirling



"Be good enough to put me on the stand," he cried roughly.

"Then," said Doctor Aston slowly, "how did you come by this?"

Tommy Annesley hid his face in his hands and tears oozed through his fingers.

"She shan't go!" cried Gordon blackly.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"WILLFUL MURDER."

SICKENED, helpless, Adrian Gordon stood, indeed, for the last five minutes, as a man who comes on some awful bit of cruelty he cannot stop. Ravenel's hunted face, her desperate eyes, her answers about seeing no one—that instinct told him was a lie—paralyzed him with sick astonishment.

They were baiting her like a helpless beast, justly enough if they were right. But every drop of his blood knew they were wrong. And she was not defending herself, was not telling all she knew; for he knew what that veiled look in her eyes meant. He had seen it before, when her thoughts were one thing and her words another.

"Think, Lady Levallion," said the coroner earnestly, "for even if you saw no one in Lord Levallion's dressing-room, some one might have been there! This rag of tweed was caught in the door, in the box of the door-latch."

"I don't know it," was all she said. "I didn't see any one."

Something like a flash of lightning went through Adrian Gordon's brain. She knew it well enough, since it was a suit he had worn that May that was dead and gone—not that very suit he was wearing. She had seen some one, and was lying because she knew the clothes they wore. He strode into the middle of the room, tall, strong, blackly angry.

"Be good enough to put me on the stand," he cried roughly, for she should lie no more for so inconceivable a suspicion; to defend a man who had been miles away. "And look at my clothes, if you want to know where that rag came from!" Lady Levallion caught her breath, stared at him with narrowed eyes, and, without a word, slipped like water to the floor. But he never even seemed to see, never stirred as Houghton came quickly forward and took her to a sofa. Gordon took the tweed scrap and held it against his coat.

"You see!" he said contemptuously. "Now, perhaps you will think I poisoned my cousin! Fortunately, I was miles away that night, and with half-a-dozen other men, who can tell you so."

"Then I hardly see—" began the coroner. "I will help you," and every soul in the room saw the sudden likeness to the dead Levallion as he spoke. "I was in London, but my clothes weren't. I had two suits exactly alike. I wore one of them down here the day I was taken ill. They cut the coat off me, and when I was better I sent up to town for the other coat, and my man sent me the whole suit. I put it on and forgot about the other, with the cut coat. And I've never seen it from that day to this. But—and he tapped the rag of tweed—that came out of it. And that I can swear, for I split something on it, and you can see the edge of the stain on this. It was some one, dressed in my clothes, who caught their knickerbockers in Levallion's door, whether Lady Levallion saw them or not." He laughed coldly, as he saw that in spite of what he said the jury's eyes were glued to the knickerbockers he had on. "Some one stole those clothes, perhaps you can tell me who!" he cried. "Tell you find that out, it might be as well to accuse no one."

Houghton, bending over Lady Levallion in a distant corner, drew his breath. He understood something now of that terror that had been on her.

"I wish to God she'd told me, instead of lying!" he thought, as he saw her coming to. "They won't believe one word he says now; for he can't prove it."

Nor could he. Not a servant in the house had known anything about his clothes. He had taken the second suit out of his box himself, and shoved the spoiled suit in there; from whence, on going back to town, he found it had vanished. The story was lame.

The coroner asked him a hundred questions that might have made any woman flinch to hear, since her name came in each one. But Ravenel, leaning sick and faint on Tommy's shoulder, never winced. All that bygone story of the card Adrian Gordon told. His face was set like flint as he spoke.

"I don't ask other men's wives to meet me after dark," he ended, contemptuously. "If the letters from that woman that prove it are lost, there has been culpable negligence somewhere."

When told Sir Thomas Annesley had seen him at night with a strange woman in black, he looked round the room quietly, as if to see which of the servants was like him in figure. But none was as tall, except Carrousel, who was stouter, and had a beard.

"Sir Thomas was mistaken," he said slowly. "But I do not doubt he saw some one in my clothes. I was in my room. I know no woman with whom I would go out."

"To whose knowledge were you in your room?" "Levallion's. He came and sat with me." "Lord Levallion's!" said Aston slowly, and deadly disbelief in a man who could only call a dead witness crept into each juror's soul. Gordon shrugged his shoulder.

"Have you all gone mad?" he said coldly. "If I can't prove I was in my room when Sir Thomas thought he saw me, I can prove I was in town last night. Just call my servant in, will you?"

And his man routed the jury, horse and foot. Captain Gordon had been in his own rooms, playing cards with some other gentlemen, with whom he had dined at the club. The man gave half-a-dozen names of men whose word would be taken on their oath, or not. Carrousel sat listening, with a curious scorn. It was all so different from his ideas of justice; so short-sighted, so biased. He even smiled a little at the foolish tale of those two suits of clothes, till Captain Gordon said quietly that his tailor's book could settle that question.

His sternness, his contempt for stupidity and foregone conclusions, had made the jury almost forget he had not been able to prove he was not the man who had drunk champagne in the wood. But, as he stepped down, the coroner recalled Lady Levallion; and she came, a living, breathing woman now, instead of one of stone. Relief was in her eyes, in her very hands, as they hung at her sides. But Houghton was looking like a man distraught at the coroner's face.

"You swear that you had no part nor lot in the poisoning of your husband; that you saw no one in the dressing-room who could have put poison into that bottle of liqueur, or changed it?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "I swear I had no hand in it. That I tried, even at the last minute, to save him."

"Then," said Doctor Aston slowly, "how did you come by these? A housemaid found them this morning behind your window-curtains, in your bedroom."

He held out to her a bottle of Eau de Vie Magique, half-full, with a rough seam running down each side of the bottle; a tiny flask full of clear, faintly green liquid, that, as he uncorked it, smelled of bitter almonds in the hot room.

Lacy started forward. "That's my lord's bottle!" he cried. "I thought the other was not."

"Exactly," said the coroner. "And this is distilled laurel-water and deadly poison. I analyzed it, and gave some to a cat, which died in three minutes, with every symptom of prussic poisoning. Gentlemen of the jury, we have heard all the evidence."

"You shall hear me!" Lady Levallion's face was on fire. "What do I know about those bottles?—nothing but that they were put in my room by some one. Find out who did that!"—for, with that deadly conviction gone from her mind, she could speak out, since that disappearing shadow in Levallion's dressing-room—a shadow that had been substance enough to bang the door in Mr. Jacob's face, and run—had not been Adrian Gordon—"and you may find out who murdered Levallion. It was not I, for I would have died for him."

Every man of the jury turned to look at her, but not one of them spoke. To their stolid, conventional minds it seemed clear enough that she, a d. Gordon had had reason to wish Levallion out of the way, that the poisoning was her work, an unhappy, probably rejected, girl, who had been deceived into a marriage with a callous, heartless rake; that the story of the second suit of clothes was a trumped-up fiction of her old lover's.

To the childish tale of the woman who had been seen looking in the windows they paid no attention. Plenty of people would have been glad to gape at the quality. One by one they filed out into the next room, some pitying even while they judged; others, a wife who could kill her husband like a dog, needed nothing but justice!

Lord Chayter moved to Lady Levallion's side. "My dear child," he said nervously, "no one believes you did it," but he knew he lied.

She could not answer. She looked at the women who had eaten her bread, and not one of them met her eyes; looked at Tommy, at Houghton, at every soul but Adrian Gordon, who stood apart in futile anger against every one, himself included.

"If it had not been for my alibi they would have thought I did it," he thought. "And now, because some one is too clever for them, they're putting it on her. On Nel! the horror of it made him quiver from head to foot. And I swore myself clear like a fool! No wonder she won't look at me. I'd have been hanged before I did it, if I'd known! I wish to God I'd got here at first," and he turned his back flatly on a man who was bold enough to come forward and greet him as Lord Levallion.

"Tommy," said Houghton sharply, "take your sister away!" He moved to Doctor Aston and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Permit me to congratulate you on your methods of conducting an inquest," he said, and

his low voice was furious. "You are responsible for a damnably iniquitous thing if you commit her to trial. Where was your housemaid who gave that fool's evidence, and when did she give it? Not here, for I was your first witness."

"The second," said Aston uncomfortably, knowing perfectly well that to begin an inquiry with evidence like that was simply making all subsequent testimony worthless, in nine cases out of ten. "The girl was in the room when you entered it. There she is now!"

Houghton followed his eyes, and saw a pale, fat-faced girl turning to follow her fellow servants from the room.

"Find the man who that anemic, hysterical fool is in love with before you go far on her evidence!" he observed contemptuously. "Supposing it true, which I don't, you'd no right to begin the inquest with a biasing fact like that. An astute man like you should know that much."

"I had a right to conduct my inquest as I pleased!" hotly. "If you must know, the girl was too terrified to speak before the other servants. She came to me in floods of tears. I believe it cost her honest pain to come at all."

"Honest!" returned Houghton, as cold as the other was hot. "Thanks to you and her—!" He turned away without finishing. Because he was convinced, without any reason except a dogged belief in Levallion's wife, that she was innocent, gave him no hope of upsetting the opposite conviction of a pigheaded man like Aston.

He stood in silent, dogged endurance till, after an interminable time of waiting, the jury filed in again. But the end of the chairman's speech made his heart turn over.

"Two attempts having been made to poison Lord Levallion, both of which were in the power of one person only, your jury are compelled to find a verdict of willful murder against Lady Levallion."

Houghton was poor; the wives and children of each jurymen were his patients; but he would not have cared if they had been kings and queens.

"Permit me to congratulate you on a crassly incapable jury," he said to the coroner. "And you, gentlemen, on a piece of hasty iniquity that I pray you may never forget till your dying day."

But his face was gray with despair as he went out before they could answer him.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CLOUD OF BLOOD.

"Who's to tell her?" Sir Thomas Annesley, Mr. Jacob's at his heels, came flying into Levallion's own den, where something told him Houghton would be. But there was another man beside Houghton, and the boy drew back at the sight of him, just as the man started forward.

"Why are you here? Haven't you done mischief enough?" The young face was dreadful with its pinched nostrils and red eyes. "If you'd never come here, she'd never have come to this!"

"It's true enough," said Adrian Gordon grimly, as Houghton would have hushed the lad. "But before God, Tommy, I believe my being here had nothing to do with it! I think you've got to look deeper than that for Levallion's death, and outside! It seems to me that my only share in the business is to have made your sister a convenient scapegoat. And God knows that's black enough."

Tommy Annesley hid his face in his hands, and the tears oozed through his fingers.

"Don't, lad, don't!" said Houghton pitifully. "A coroner's inquest means very little. Please God, we'll find out who did it, long before the trial."

"That's just it," hoarsely. "The trial! She's got to stand up there innocent, and have the—every one—desperately—'think her guilty. Can't you see, Houghton, that every soul in the house has cleared themselves but her?"

"Every soul outside hasn't, though," Gordon said slowly. "And any jury but a set of prejudiced fools would have seen it." He gently pushed away Jacobs, who was slobbering at his knee.

"Do you mean you know any one who was likely to have done it—who hated Levallion?" said Houghton bluntly.

"There were plenty," answered Gordon, as Lacy had before him. "Who knows who that woman was who was hanging about? Or the man Tommy thought was? And what became of those letters Lady Levallion thought were in Levallion's pocket? They're a small thing, perhaps, but suppose I hadn't come down? Who was going to know that card of mine asking her to meet me wasn't written that very morning? Whoever took those letters meant it to seem so," emphatically.

"No one could have. Levallion—the body—stammering—'was never left alone till the coroner came."

"It was!" Tommy lifted his tear-stained face. "Didn't you know? When the coroner came there wasn't a soul in the room. You'd gone to Ravenel, the others had cleared off to the smoking room. It was I took Aston in there, and the room was empty. Any one in the house might have gone in there. The hall was full of people, but there are three other doors to the drawing room."

"And any one out of it," Gordon added obstinately. "Look here, Tommy, how could you think it was I Jacobs flew at that night in the wood? See him!" for Jacobs had lain down with his head on the speaker's boot.

"It was the Norfolk jacket and the knickerbockers and the height," wretchedly. "The other men were in the drawing room—none of the servants were so tall—except Carrousel—and he has a beard! This man had only a mustache. I saw the line of his chin when he stood up and yelled."

"As I should have been likely to yell on account of Jacobs!" scornfully. "Why on earth didn't you tell some one what you saw, Tommy?"

"I'd have only said it was you! I did try to tell Levallion, but the second I spoke about the woman he shut me up. Lacy was there; Levallion never talked before servants. Oh! he broke off wildly, 'what's the good of talking? Some one must go and tell Ravenel. Will they take her—to jail!—till the assizes?' A hard sob broke his words."

"I don't know," Houghton muttered. "Perhaps ball—but he knew quite well there was no ball for murder. He got up, for the boy was right. Some one must tell Lady Levallion."

"Damn that housemaid!" he broke out fiercely, standing with his hand on the door.

"Look here," said Gordon quickly, "wait a moment. Don't say anything like that outside; don't say a word to frighten any of the servants." "Why?" Houghton looked at him without too much favor. He had certainly had nothing to do with the crime, but his stay in the house had every day added one to the letters that spelled "murderess" after Lady Levallion's name.

"Because they've all given their evidence; they're quite comfortable about none of them being implicated. They'll talk among themselves and compare notes, and they may find out something. I shan't allow one of them to leave."

Houghton realized suddenly that it was the new Lord Levallion who stood before him.

"I forget," he said involuntarily, "you are master here now."

"And I'd rather be a one-armed sandwich-man!" returned Adrian Gordon, with a bitter glance at the injured arm that had kept him in Levallion's house. And the memory of that day brought back something; the unknown woman who had come to see if he were dead. There was only one woman in the world who could hope, however falsely, to gain by his dying.

"Hester Murray!" he thought sharply. "But of all women on earth she would be the least likely to be here. Levallion wouldn't have had it." And yet the thought clung obstinately.

"I'll find out," he said aloud, and Tommy looked up from where he sat, wan and exhausted. "What?" he demanded. "I don't see how any one can find out anything. We know all anybody knows."

"We know all some one chooses us to know," hardly. "We're not beaten yet. Try and remember what that woman looked like whom Levallion told you was a kitchen maid."

"How do I know?" wretchedly. "I only saw her twice; both times it was dark. She had a cloak on with a hood, and was holding up a train. She may live right under our noses."

"All the same she's our only chance."

He shivered, and stirred the fire. For if he were wrong and that cloaked woman not Hester Murray, the chance was small. Beat his brains as he would, he could think of no one else who might profit by the death of Lord Levallion.

The clock struck six, and, like a blow, the sound struck on his heart, making him forget everything but the girl upstairs. Houghton must be with her now; must be telling her what the jury had said. Houghton, an absolute stranger—while the man who should have been her husband dared not go near her; the man who should have sheltered her from all the world could do nothing but sit helpless while some one else spoke the very bitterest shame on earth in her ears.

"Nel, my Nel!" And if Adrian Gordon was silent, his spirits groaned within him.

Sylvia Annesley and her schemes had come between them once; then Levallion; and now, to the eyes of the world, a bar of blood they could not pass.

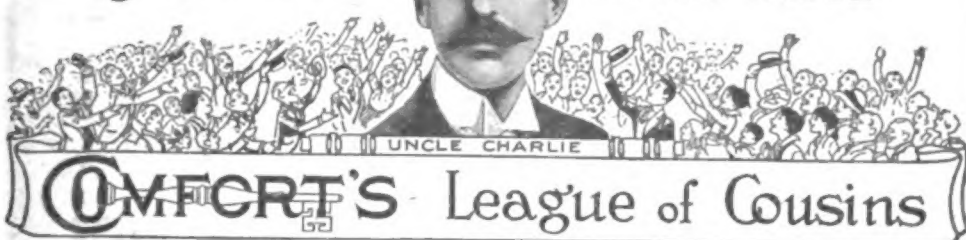
"Blood between us; love, my love!" the man said silently, behind his shut teeth. "Not while I'm alive or there's a God above us. Somehow, somewhere, I mean to find the truth that's going to set you clear—and clean! If I dare not go to you I can work for you; and if I can't comfort you—unconsciously he raised his right hand as some men do when they take an oath—"I'll save you, if I have to take you out of Newgate!"

He raised his eyes and saw Houghton had come back.

"Well?" he said thickly. "Very ill," Houghton cast himself into a chair as if he could do no more. "She knew! That fool of a housemaid ran up screaming and told her, begging her to forgive her—if they hanged her! The French maid took the crazy fool by the ears and put her out. But—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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I DO not think I can make better use of the space allotted to me this month—the month in which we celebrate the Glorious Fourth—than by quoting a few extracts from President Wilson's memorable and epoch-making speech, delivered in Baltimore, Maryland, on April the sixth last. That speech should have been read in every schoolhouse in the United States and its burning words should have rung in clarion tones in the ears of every living American. Our country, however, is so vast and the majority of people so wrapped up in their own affairs, that probably not one in a hundred of our readers are familiar with that inspiring oration. Read and digest these burning words, for on the way you respond to President Wilson's challenge to Germany depends the fate of your family, your home, your country and the whole future of mankind.

"Fellow citizens, this is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our rights and to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of free men everywhere. . . . We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men, and, if need be, all that we possess. The reason for this great war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through and the issues that hang upon its outcome, are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. . . . Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own, and that, if it should be lost, their own great nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it. . . . I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered and answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will. The avowal has not come from German statesmen. It has come from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. . . . We cannot mistake what they have done—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Roumania. They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lies for a time at their mercy. . . . They nowhere set up justice but everywhere imposed their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement. . . . Are we not justified in believing they would do the same things at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? . . . Their purpose is undoubtedly to make all the Slavic people, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic Peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled subject to their will and ambition, and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy they can erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire hostile to the Americans as to Europe, which it will overawe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India and the peoples of the Far East. In such a program, our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations upon which all the modern world insists, can play no part. They are rejected for the ideals of power, for the principle that the strong must rule the weak, . . . that the peoples of the world are to be made subject to the patronage and overlordship of those who have the power to enforce it. That program once carried out, America and all who care to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world—a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak, must for the time being be trodden under foot and disregarded and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin, and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind. The thing is preposterous and impossible; and yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved? I do not wish, even in this moment of utter disillusionment, to judge harshly or unrighteously. I judge only what the German arms have accomplished with unflinching thoroughness throughout every fair region they have touched. What, then, are we to do? For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely proposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike. But the answer when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer. I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do. Let everything that we say, my fellow countrymen, everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear. Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us. Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and shall cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the one in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture

Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DICKENSVILLE, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

You will never know how we appreciate your talks in COMFORT. I cut them out and send them to socialists and pacifists, and I know it has changed some of their minds. My parents and my husband's parents are both German and that was the only language we talked at home, but my husband and I are true Americans. We believe in standing up for America where we have our homes and make our living, and we will stand by the red, white and blue to the last ounce of our strength. . . . We have eight children and all red-blooded Americans. I had many a fuss with my parents because I would not teach them the German language but I am awfully glad I didn't. I have taught them to be loyal to our country and its flag, and I think it is high time the German press was put out of business in America. To read these German papers one would actually think one was in Germany and the Kaiser had all the say, or printed those papers himself. Uncle Charlie may you live to see the triumph of that democracy and the downfall of that autocracy in Europe which is a menace to every home in the land.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. JOHN F. REAVA.

Three cheers for Mrs. Reava! Would to God every woman in the country, whether foreign or native born, had her patriotism and her spirit. If all had been like her, the Kaiser would never have made war on the United States. The pacifist thinks he can prevent war by quoting Bible texts that uphold his side of the argument and omitting all those texts which cut the ground from under him. The socialist movement has been in the hands of rabid German and Austrian nationalists and has been used here as it has been in Russia and Italy to promote pacifism and make the workers hate their native land and feel that their only salvation was to have the kind Kaiser and his Hun hordes come here and apply German methods and pay German wages. Wide-awake, patriotic American socialists quickly saw how the movement was being manipulated in the interests of the Kaiser and resigned from the party; and now, after Germany's treatment of Russia, the rank and file of the party who did not know how they had been duped and humbugged by foreign plotters and German jingoes, thoroughly understand that if they want to realize their socialistic ideals, they must first lick Germany, the arch enemy of genuine, as distinct from, fake German socialism. As nearly all the Germans in this country intend to remain here and grow up with the country, and as they can only prosper as America prospers, it is to their interests to do as Mrs. Reava has done; cut out the German language and German newspapers and bring up their children to be red-blooded Americans. Get all the people reading American literature and thinking in terms of genuine Americanism, and we will have a united, worth-while country. There is no harm in the German language, as a language, but when used as it has been in the United States as a part of a subtle and monstrous scheme to Germanize America and to keep millions of foreigners from becoming loyal citizens of the land which protected them and gave them their bread, and to which by every law of God and man they were in duty bound to be loyal and true, then the German language becomes as any other language would become under similar circumstances—a deadly menace. As Mrs. Reava says, one would think that many of these papers were printed by the Kaiser himself. The whole nation, however, is now thoroughly aroused to the Prussian menace and so are millions of loyal Germans, among whom I am proud and happy to include Mrs. John F. Reava. God bless her and all like her.

KING CITY, R. R. 6, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a country girl fourteen years of age, blue eyes, red hair, five feet four inches tall and weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds. Our school begins in September. I will be in the eighth grade. I have taken two music lessons on the piano. I can play nearly anything I want with my right hand and I can play a few pieces with both hands. I can wash dishes and make beds wash scrub iron hoe the garden and sew some. I like to cook. If some of the cousins will try using the whites of very old eggs for frosting and in cakes it will beat stiffer than fresh eggs. Uncle I have a book of your poems and I think they are great. When I first got the book I laughed till I cried, some of the pieces are so funny. I have an uncle in the navy. This war is terrible and may God protect all of our boys who have to go. I would like to receive letters and cards. Your cousin,
THELMA STEPHENS.

Thelma, your red hair five feet four inches tall must make you look like a human torch. Let me beseech you to cut out the crochet and tatting and do some knitting for the soldier boys. You are certainly making wonderful progress with your piano lessons. If you can play anything you want to with the right hand, and several pieces with both hands, after two lessons, heaven only knows what you will be able to do by the time you have taken a dozen lessons. In my school days the only thing I could play was hokey. I used to play that however with my feet. We should all like to see you make the beds hoe the garden and sew some. The only eggs we ever see, Thelma, are old ones. Where all the fresh eggs go I have never been able to discover. It is perfectly correct to whip a fresh egg or anything else that gets too fresh, but to beat up a poor, ancient, ossified old egg, one that ought to be drawing a pension and too old to protect itself, is unkind to say the least. Don't waste your time beating eggs, Thelma. If you have any superfluous energy go out and beat the Kaiser. If you can't beat him, feed him on one of those ancient eggs and that ought to fix him.

SWEETWATER, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little girl. My age is ten. I am in the fourth grade. I have three little sisters. This is my first



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passe. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Blue-jay
For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
Large Package 25c at Druggists
Small package discontinued

BAUER & BLACK Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto

(925)

letter to the COMFORT. We live on a farm, and I like farm life very much. We went to Selma to have my foot operated on so I could walk. I go to school in Sweet Water. I would love to hear from some of the cousins and will try to answer all the letters and postal cards I receive. Your little niece,
BARBARA NAYTON.

Barbara, I hope that operation on your foot will be entirely successful. Life is hard enough for those who are healthy and strong, but it is little short of a tragedy for those who have to go through it sick or crippled. You say you are in the fourth grade. Make it fourth the next time. So you go to school in Sweet Water do you? Well if I had to go to school in water, I think I would prefer to have it sweet. Don't you find it rather damp? Sweet water it seems to me would be an excellent school for ducks but a very poor one for humans. Billy the Goat says he thinks Barbara means that she goes to school at Sweet Water. Let us all fervently hope so.

WEST BADEN, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen years old and I go to school eight months out of the year. We have only four months for a vacation. I suppose that is long enough. I am in the seventh grade. We study several branches. I like arithmetic best. I have one brother and one sister. We all work in our war gardens. We raise almost all kinds of vegetables. We love vegetables and hope you love them. I wish you were down this fall and winter to help us eat them. We will have pumpkin pie when you come. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I enjoy reading the papers, they have puzzles in them. We make out the puzzles. The next Sunday when we get the paper we see if our answers to the puzzles are correct. We have a great time in the summer time to keep cool.

Yours truly,
MILDRED LOVE.

So you have four months' vacation every school year do you Mildred? If I had four minutes I'd think I was lucky. Delighted to know you are working in your garden. Do I love vegetables? I fairly dote upon them, but have never had much success in my love affairs with vegetables. Just what my experience has been I think I had better tell you in rhyme:

I loved a little carrot once, so rosy and so red,
And I fondly hoped that some day that carrot
sweet might wed,
But when I asked it to be mine my hopes began
to flee,
For that pretty little carrot didn't carrot at all
for me.

Then I made love to a sugar beet, oh, it was awful sweet,
That beet it made my heart beat so I simply
couldn't eat.
But when I popped the question, as of course I
did one day,
That beet told me to beat it, so I beat it right
away.

Then I loved a little lettuce, I happy was, oh, gee!
For that lettuce didn't hesitate, but gave its heart
to me.
And when I talked of wedding bells, you know
the usual stunts,
That lettuce quit its bed and said "Oh, let us wed
at once."

But that faithless little lettuce with a cabbage
ran away,
So I made love to a butter bean and we married
were next day.
But this vegetable love of mine is far, far from
serene,
For that bean calls me a has been, and it hits me
on the bean.

That cruel bean I soon divorced and a water
melon wed,
I loved its green exterior and its wondrous heart
of red,
But with a coon it ran away, you'll say, oh, what
a crime.
"Water-melancholy story, water-melancholy
rhyme."

KENASTON, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl fourteen years old, have brown hair, brown eyes and am four feet ten inches tall. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Clarissa Matthews. I had a garden this summer all by myself. I sprinkled it when it was needed and kept it clean, but just the same I didn't get anything from it. I planted some flower seeds too and they grew nicely and blossomed. We like COMFORT fine. I read all the letters and your comments and they are very interesting. People make remarks because I am so small for my age. Can you tell me what will make me grow? Please don't let Billy the Goat eat this.

Your niece,
KRISTINE KRALHEIM.

Kristine, I'm so sorry you had such bad luck with your garden. I know how you feel for I had exactly the same experience. You see I didn't know much about gardening and I planted all the seeds upside down. The result was they grew down instead of up and a man in China got the whole crop—and I got nothing. Possibly you gave your garden too much attention. Maybe you swept, dusted, cleaned and bathed it so often that the seeds didn't have a chance to grow. Now for heaven's sake, child, don't worry about your height or rather your shortness. Men like their opposites. You will always find a little sawed-off runt of a man married to a woman twice his height, and you will always find a cloud scraping giant of a man whenever he gets the chance, camping on the trail of a girl so small she couldn't steal a pie from a table without the assistance of a stepladder. If you try and grow another millionth of an inch you are foolish. In a few years' time, at least a dozen six-foot giants will be asking you to be their little baby girl. Don't bother about physical growth but do try and grow mentally. If your heart, mind and soul become a garden of beauty, you will tower above all the rest of the girls in your community even as Pike's Peak towers above a molehill. There is another advantage however, in being petite—you don't have to suffer from growing pains. A small man is generally a fussy nuisance, but a little woman is the choicest flower in the garden of womanhood. Everyone prefers a violet to a sunflower. Just be content to stay a violet, Kristine.

COR. 25th and Exeter Ave., BESSEMER, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have just read your grand war sermon in the February COMFORT, and I will stop right here and thank you for it. Two copies of COMFORT come to my home and I'm cutting out both, one to file and one to give to a friend. I noticed with disgust some time ago one of your correspondents asked how much pay you got for changing your politics. Oh, what a foolish and insulting question to ask in this terrible time of trouble. I do not know your politics and I do not care. What I admire is Uncle Charlie the MAN and his principles. The nation is at war and this is no time to waste national energy on discord and petty politics. The President is the nation's servant and is trying to do the best he knows how for all loyal citizens of the United States. I wish, Uncle Charlie, you had it in your power to wring the necks of some of those contemptible goats who are trying to play politics and exploit their particular "isms" in this hour of anguish and trouble. The Hun was the most ferocious savage who ever invaded Europe, his brand of culture made him tolerable for a while, but now the culture is discarded and he has run amuck and is displaying himself in the same old colors that centuries ago branded him with an infamy that has lasted all through the ages. Why can't everyone see this and see the terrible menace of it all? All I can say is keep on Uncle Charlie as you are doing for you are rendering your country a great service.

Your nephew,
JOSEPH L. WOOD.

Thank you friend Joseph, for your kind and encouraging letter. Thank God you are able to visualize this great world crisis in its proper light and realize the menace of it all. The world is on fire. I have seen the flames spreading for years, and I was deluged with abuse by the blind and the thoughtless, because I knew that ere long those flames would leap across the ocean and engulf us, so I pleaded for preparedness, pleaded

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Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

earned her salt, and so I let her go."

"If she never earned her salt why didn't you send her to the poorhouse?" demanded Nancy, shrewdly.

"Well, you see there is a little bit of feeling inside me, if I am rough on the outside, and so I never could bring my mind to do that."

"Who was the lady and gentleman?"

"Well, I can't just remember their name now," Nell replied, with a well-assumed air of perplexity.

"Now you are lying, Mistress Sloan," Nancy said, sharply.

"Well, I ain't a proper hand to remember names, but she writ it on a card for me, and it's tucked away somewhere among my things—perhaps I can find it before you go," Nell answered, with a look at her visitor which said she thought she might not be any too sane even now, and it would be best not to anger her.

"Where do they live?" was the next eager question.

"That was on the card, too. My memory don't always serve me, I tell ye," Mrs. Sloan returned, dryly, then added, "But what's your name? The young one always called you Nannie, but I could never get her to tell me anything more."

"Oh! the darling—the precious! how could I ever have been so wild as to have gone away and left her here?" Nancy cried, wringing her hands, and glancing first at the repulsive woman opposite her, then about the cheerless apartment.

But a moment later she added, more calmly: "My name is Nancy Crawford, and I had been the child's nurse ever since she was born."

"Well, Nancy Crawford—if that is your name—if that child belonged to any of the quality, which I suspect it did, I must say ye did a fine day's work when ye walked off that fine morning and left her in this village."

"Oh, I know it—don't I know it as well as you can tell me? And now I must find her again!" she cried, wildly.

"If ye can, ye mean," put in Nell, viciously.

"I shall find her if she is living—I know I shall. I will search the world over, and spend my last breath in my quest, before I give it up. Ah! if you will only give me that card, it will not be long before I shall be successful and restore her to her mother."

"How do ye know that she is living?"

"I have taken care to find out about that since I came back to England; but I can never let her know that I live until I can carry her news of her long-lost child. Will you give me that card?"

"I must think about it first and talk with my man. Ye hain't told me yet who her folks be."

"Did you give the lady who took her the child's clothes and that jewel?" Nancy suddenly asked, and ignoring Nell's last remark.

"The child's clothes, indeed! Do ye think I took the trouble to save them old rags, if they were all ruffles, tucks and broidery? And what ye mean by talking about jewels is more than I know: I guess ye brain ain't just right yet," Nell returned, with evident uneasiness.

"You were very foolish not to save her clothing, for ye might have realized something handsome for it," Nancy said, severely; then with her eyes fixed full on her companion's disagreeable face, she continued:

"And the child had a very valuable jewel in her hand when I brought her here; it belonged to a necklace of her mother's. I had sense enough to remember that, and it is the last thing that I do remember distinctly; but I know she had it after she came here, for it was the only thing that would keep her quiet and let me rest when my head ached so. Now, what have you done with it?"

"What have I done with it, indeed!" Nell retorted, tossing her head defiantly. "Ye must have taken it away with ye yourself, if there was any such thing, for there ain't anything like it in this house now. Where did ye go when ye went away from here?" she asked, anxious to change the subject, as well as feeling some curiosity about the matter.

"As near as I can find out, I wandered to Hull, where, confused, exhausted, and ill, I crawled on board a trading vessel, which plied between there and Holland."

"I was not discovered until the vessel was well out to sea, and being very sick then, I could tell them nothing, so they were obliged to take me along with them. The captain's wife was on board, and I am told that she gave me every care; but I had a severe attack of brain fever, which left my mind very weak for many months afterward, and therefore I did not recover sufficiently to tell my story before they were obliged to go on another voyage; so they left me at a hospital in Amsterdam, from where I was afterward carried to the almshouse."

"Before I had fully recovered from the brain fever, inflammatory rheumatism set in in its worst form, and for many years I lay upon my bed, a miserable and helpless cripple. In a strange country, and among strange people, of course I could not understand their language, nor they mine; and when I at last managed to learn enough to make myself understood, everybody laughed at my story, and said I was cracked."

"It is a wonder that I ever got well; but I did, or at least able to hobble about and help myself; I don't suppose the cramps will ever all leave me, or that my hands will ever get straight again, but I can manage to do a good deal of work as it is."

"Well, I left that miserable place, and glad enough I was, too, to get away. I went to work, to get money enough to pay my passage to England, with the one hope of finding my little Sibyl, if she were yet alive, and restore her to her parents, if they had not been so fortunate as to have already found her."

"That's all I have to tell you, Mistress Sloan, and you will perceive that I'm not over rich, and have no money to pay you for any information regarding the child. But if you will put me on her track, and I find her, I can promise you something handsome as soon as she is restored to her parents."

"I suppose ye are going to tell me who her folks be?" Nell said, again recurring to the one subject of the most importance to her.

"I shall tell you nothing until I see that card which you say you have in your possession," Nancy replied, firmly.

Nell saw that she could gain nothing more from her without some concession on her part, and after pondering a few minutes, she arose, saying:

"Well, I will see if I can find the card."

"You'd better bring the jewel, too; it will be better for your future peace of mind if you give it up," Nancy observed, laconically.

"I tell ye I don't know what ye're talking about, and I wish ye'd hold yer tongue about that nonsense," Nell retorted, angrily.

"All right; you know best, perhaps. But while you are looking for that card, I think I will eat my supper, for I begin to feel hungry."

"Can ye pay for a supper?" demanded Nell, cautiously, and with a suspicious look at the little black bag.

"Oh, yes, Mistress Sloan; I can afford to satisfy the demands of my appetite, if I cannot afford to bribe you for the information I desire," was the somewhat scornful retort.

"Well, come on then."

And Nell led the way to the same room where Raymond Prescott and his mother had been served on that gloomy night.

Mrs. Sloan set out a plain though substantial meal, and while her strange guest was eating, she went up to her chamber to take a look at the "jewel" which she had not seen since the night before Sibyl's departure, and to find the card which Lady Prescott had given her.

Fifteen minutes later, she came flying back into the room where Nancy Crawford sat quietly eating her supper, in a towering passion.

"You've been and stole it!" she cried, shaking her fist in the astonished woman's face.

"Stole what—the card? If I could have done that, Mistress Sloan, believe me, I should never have troubled you tonight," Nancy said, after a minute, as she composedly resumed her eating.

"The card—goodness, no! but the diamond with them white things all around it. Give it up, I say, or it will be the worse for ye!" and the angry terragant approached nearer.

Nancy's eyes gleamed with sudden fire.

"The diamond with the white things around it is the jewel to which I referred a while ago. I thought you had never seen it, Mistress Sloan," she remarked, shrewdly, as she turned and faced her enemy.

Nell stopped, aghast.

"Did no one know you had it but yourself, Mistress Sloan?" Nancy demanded, looking her full in the eye.

"No; nobody but—Jem—"

Her face flushed almost a purple, and then paled with passion; and, without another word to her guest, she turned and darted from the room.

A few minutes later Miss Crawford heard fierce, angry words in the back kitchen between the husband and wife.

But Jem again and again protested his entire innocence in the matter, and appeared so greatly disturbed upon learning of the jewel's disappearance that Nell was obliged to be convinced that he spoke the truth, and forthwith returned to her attack upon Miss Crawford.

But Nancy was nowhere to be found.

A piece of silver lay beside her plate, upon a half sheet of paper on which was written:

"For my supper. But, Mrs. Sloan, I know nothing about the jewel, and as I cannot be detained in my work by useless questions and abuse, I bid you a quiet good by."

"NANCY CRAWFORD."

Nancy had feared that if Nell in her passion should have her arrested for the theft, it would be very hard to prove her innocence, and great trouble and delay might result from it.

So she very quietly took her departure during the husband's and wife's dispute.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHY WILL YOU TORTURE ME?"

"You are killing yourself with this thankless immolation. You are literally burying yourself alive for this old woman—I beg your pardon, dear, but I can't help it—who cares nothing for you, except what she can get out of you."

This indignant speech came from Raymond, who insisted upon coming every day to see Sibyl, and who never dreamed that these very visits, which were at once so sweet, yet bitter, were helping to rob her of her bloom, and sap the vitality of her life.

"Hush!" she gently answered to this passionate outburst, and softly touching his lips with her fingers, "you are speaking ill of one who, as my mother should command your respect; and, Ray, you would neither love nor esteem me if I should do any different from what I am doing. While my mother lives, I have no right to leave her."

"I do not ask you to leave nor to neglect her in any way; I only ask that you will give me the right to share this burden which is too heavy for you to bear alone. Let me take you and shelter you in my strong love, for I know you would be happy with me if you would only yield; and now, my darling, you are fading away before my eyes."

"Ray, do not tempt me; my path is marked out plainly before me," Sibyl began.

"See!" he continued, his strong lips quivering as he held up her left hand, "how thin you are growing. My ring is already too large for you, and it will not be long before it will drop off, and be lost. Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl! why will you torture me thus?"

How could he torture her so, when her poor heart was breaking and longing for him every moment in the day?

"I will not be cheated thus," he continued, with sudden resolution, as, taking a plain gold ring from his little finger, he placed it above the circle of diamonds. "There," he said, "that ring must never leave your finger. I will not give you up; you are mine yet, Sibyl; you are mine until you die. Do you know it?"

"Oh, Ray, you know I could never belong to any one else, even though I cannot belong to you; and—oh! I do not mean to murmur, but the future does look a little dark just now, and I am a little weary with my pain."

"Then, darling, come to me and rest; let me shield you, comfort you, bless you; and he gathered her close in his arms."

"No, no; you must not tempt me. Don't you see that I cannot bear it," she cried, gently repelling him and nearly breaking down.

"Sibyl! do you love me?"

"Oh, Ray!"

Her voice was sadder than tears, and her reproachful eyes cut him to the heart.

"Forgive me," he said, kissing her trembling lips; "I know that you love me, darling—but do your love your mother, Sibyl?"

She cried out, and put up her thin hands to hide her face.

That was the sharpest prong in her crown of thorns.

She knew that she did not love her mother, and could not love her as she ought.

She knew also that her mother had no real affection for her, and had not the least desire to win her own.

"She will die, and then I shall go mad," Raymond had said to his mother, after one of those fruitless and exhausting interviews, and he had left Sibyl looking more like a spirit than a human being; and Lady Prescott could only comfort him by bidding him wait, hope and be patient.

She sent Sir Athelstone, however, to prescribe for Sibyl, and he saw at once that her strength was falling beneath her trials.

"You must go away to the sea, dear," he said, gently, though decidedly, as he kissed her pale cheek.

He really believed that the sea air would do her good, and it would at the same time achieve a twofold object—remove her from Raymond's influence and entreaties, as well as bring back the roses to her cheeks and strength to her body.

Something of this Sibyl must have thought of herself, for she made no objections to the projected change, and it was at last decided, that as soon as the weather permitted, they would go away somewhere to the seashore.

Sir Athelstone kindly arranged it all, and chose the quiet little town of Barmouth in Wales, "where," he said, "with the mountains behind her, and the sea before her, he hoped she would soon grow to be their own dear Sibyl again."


Mrs. Stillman, however, did not want to go away to that dull place on the coast of Wales, she privately imparted to Miss Therwin during one of her friendly (?) visits.

Miss Therwin had, by the way, proved herself one of the girl's sweetest comforters during her trials, coming often to sit with her, bringing her music, flowers, books and fruits, and making herself so kindly and unobtrusively sympathetic, that Sibyl could not say enough in her praise.

Consequently she found herself in high clover with the Prescotts, who admired her for her fidelity, when all, or nearly all, other fair-weather friends, had forsaken their darling upon discovering Miss Prescott, or Stillman, to be of such humble origin.

This, of course, was the result that she had desired to achieve, and she made the most of it at every opportunity.

Nothing, however, could have suited her better than the knowledge of the fact that Sir Athel-



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stone had decreed that Sibyl must go away from Dumfries, and she frowned darkly at Mrs. Stillman's objections to the plan.

"You must go," she vehemently asserted, during an interview with her one day when Sibyl was out.

"It is time," she went on, "that she was out of the way. I want the field clear to myself for a while. Mr. Prescott likes me, but just as long as Sibyl remains here there is not the least chance of my making any headway in the direction I desire. Besides," she added, "there are other reasons why it will be better for her to go."

What these reasons were Ada did not see fit to explain, and Mrs. Stillman, who was gazing absently from the window, did not appear to have interest enough about the matter to question her.

"If you gain everything you have set your heart upon, Miss Ada, what then?" she asked at length, turning her searching eyes full upon Miss Therwin.

"Why!" cried the heartless girl, "I expect I shall be exceedingly proud and happy, don't you?"

"With your own greatness built up out of another's ruin!"

"Why not? You don't expect I am going to let the ruin come on me instead, do you?"

"Oh, no, I am past supposing you would ever make a sacrifice for anything or any one; but I wonder how I shall feel when it is all over," sighed the woman, bitterly.

"When what is all over?" demanded Ada, sharply.

"Why, when you have accomplished all you wish?"

"Don't be a fool, Judith! You are going to be a gainer as much as any one, and I'm sure you are getting a very handsome support out of it even now, and have no business to find fault. I hope you are not going to show the white feather," Ada concluded, with an anxious glance at her companion.

"No, my conscience doesn't trouble me enough for that just yet, but—"

"Well, what now?"

"The girl is looking very poorly. What if she should die?"

"Pshaw! she won't die. She'll be all right after you've been at the seashore a few weeks."

"You and I would be her murderers if she died, though," said Judith in a solemn whisper.

"Bah! Jude, don't let the little saint frighten you. I warn you that it will be worse for you if you make any disagreeable confessions," Ada said, threateningly.

Ada Therwin fondly believed that she should yet win Raymond Prescott in spite of his very evident admiration of Sibyl.

She was not aware as yet that there was any engagement between them, for Sibyl had insisted that no one should be told of it; and though Raymond secretly rebelled against her request, he yet respected it, hoping ere long to overrule every objection and make her his wife.

All that the world really knew was that there was some mystery in her life; that when very young she had been separated from her mother in that railroad disaster, and from that time had been supposed to be dead, even as Mrs. Stillman had related the story to Sibyl; and that by recent development of facts she had strangely been restored to her.

Everybody pitied, wondered, and talked about her for the usual length of time, and then dropped her entirely.

She could have borne poverty and neglect, the world's frowns and sneers, with patience and fortitude, but the knowledge of her mother's shame, her own disgrace, and the utter ungenerality between them, were burdens which her frail strength failed under.

But she never neglected an opportunity to speak the gentle "word in season," to lead that darkened mind to higher and better things, and the seed thus faithfully and carefully sown was beginning to take root, as might be seen by Judith's last conversation with Ada Therwin.

Though she fought against, and strove to repress every gentle feeling, yet the stings of conscience were not wholly unheeded, and remorse was planting a thorn or two in her heretofore undisturbed pillow.

And so the winter days went by, with very little to break the dull monotony of these two strangely united lives.

The Duc d'Aubigne had been bitterly disappointed at thus losing sight of Sibyl.

One day, on returning from the public library, where she had been to exchange a book, Sibyl was dimly conscious that some one was walking behind her.

She did not give a second thought to the circumstance, however, until, losing her hold upon the book it dropped to the ground.

A figure darted suddenly forward from behind her, picked it up, and, with a low bow, returned it to her.

She raised her eyes to express her thanks, and found herself face to face with the Duc d'Aubigne. He lifted his hat and returned her salutation, with profound respect and kindest sympathy beaming from his eyes.

"Pardon the intrusion," he said, adding, "and yet I cannot but be thankful to the unfortunate book for giving me this coveted privilege. Miss Prescott, it is a long time since I have met you."

"Thank you, my lord," Sibyl replied, as she took the book; "but doubtless you are aware I have not been into company much this winter."

Her color rose beneath his admiring glance, but she met his eyes steadily.

"Yes, I know," he answered, with a sigh; "but society has met with a great loss in your withdrawal, Miss Prescott."

She smiled sadly, then said:

"I shall have to ask you to address me as Miss Stillman hereafter, my lord, as I have found that that name belongs to me."

He bowed a courteous assent; then, as he saw she desired to proceed on her way, he said:

"Will you allow me to accompany you? My way lies in the same direction you are going. She could not refuse, and he accompanied her

to her own door, chatting in a free-and-easy way upon subjects which he knew would interest her; and more than once he was rewarded by seeing her sad face light with pleasure at some entertaining anecdote which he related.

He left her at number fifteen with a respectful obeisance, and went his way well pleased with his success.

It happened frequently afterward that he encountered her upon the same mission; but he always managed so that it appeared wholly unpremeditated on his part.

His excuse was the same as he had given once before—it shortened the distance from his rooms to his club to pass through Algeria street; but he had always attended her to her own door, and was so invariably kind and entertaining, that Sibyl found herself reproaching her former harsh judgment of him.

Once he ventured to ask her if he might call upon her; but she gently, though firmly, refused his request, and he did not press the matter, though with every interview his purpose to win her grew stronger and more relentless than ever.

He knew that Ada had visited her often, and he entreated her to plead his cause, which she gladly did, speaking in the highest praise of him and his bounteous gifts to her favorite poor, until he grew less and less to be the terrible ogre that Sibyl had at first thought him.

One day, as he attended her home, Mrs. Stillman happened to be sitting at the window, and saw them.

"Who was that man?" she demanded, harshly, as Sibyl entered the room.

"A friend of Lady Wilton's—the Duc d'Aubigne."

A fierce, mocking laugh ran through the room, and then the woman said, in a strangely hollow voice:

"Take care, miss—take care that you don't get cheated and fare the same as I did."

"Mother!" gasped the startled girl, growing red and pale by turns, while her eyes blazed with indignation.

She opened her lips as if about to say more, then clapping her hand over her aching heart, she suddenly turned and left the room without another word.

When she grew calmer she laid aside her wraps and went to change her street dress for a wrapper.

As she did so her eye caught sight of that beautiful ornament, which she still wore suspended by Lady Prescott's chain.

She started with a shudder, and, unclasping it from her neck, threw it from her with a gesture of loathing.

"How could I have worn it so long? I will never wear it again," she said.

And she never did. The sight of it, after Mrs. Stillman's cruel stab, had almost overwhelmed her with all the shame and ignominy which she believed was attached to her.

The man who had betrayed her mother had given her the jewel. It was polluted, and she would not wear it!

She removed it carefully from the chain, which she still loved, and watching her opportunity, when Mrs. Stillman was occupied in another room, she stole softly to where she knew she kept the necklace, and slipped the long-missing link into the case, and shut it from her sight.

The next day she bought a little locket, in which she hid the dearest face in the world to her fastened it to her precious chain, and thenceforth wore it as a sacred talisman against her heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WEDGE OF TRUTH.

Early May found Sibyl and Mrs. Stillman cooly established at Barmouth, where they were to remain until the latter part of September, and where Lady Prescott had promised to come and spend two or three weeks in July with them.

She had experienced much pain and many misgivings on parting from the dear child of her adoption, while for Raymond it was like taking all the light and joy out of his life to let Sibyl go.

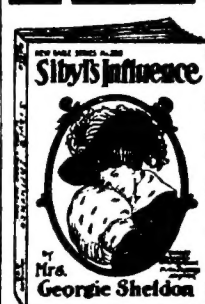
During the last four weeks, Mrs. Stillman had had two attacks of heart trouble, which were quite alarming in their nature; and Sir Athelstone had confided to Sibyl, whom she had insisted upon calling, in spite of her mother's protestations against it, that she was in quite a critical condition, owing to the rapid enlargement of the heart, and needed an immediate change as well as herself.

"She may not live a year," Sir Athelstone had afterward said to his wife.

"Then we may have our darling back again," had been Lady Prescott's first thought and observation upon learning this, to which the doctor made no reply.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

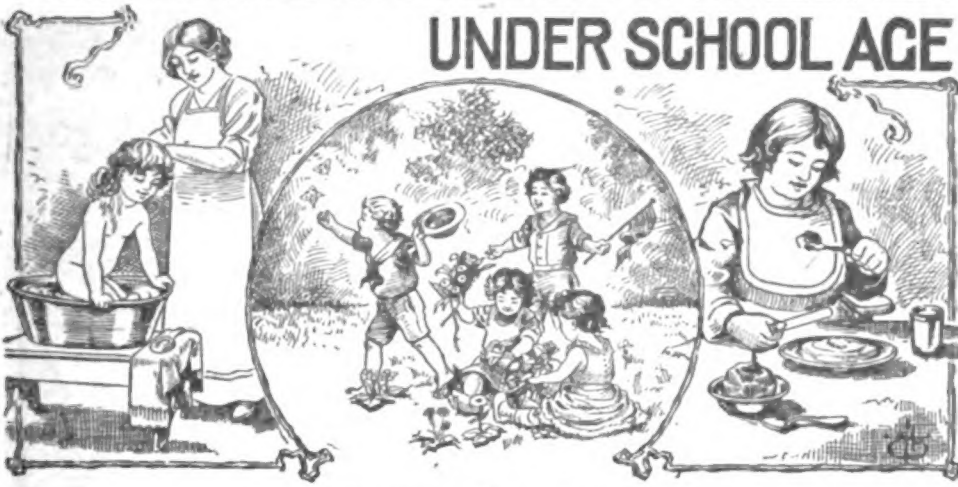
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BETTERING THE BODIES OF CHILDREN UNDER SCHOOL AGE



By W. Clyde Overton, M. D.

Dr. Overton is an eminent specialist in the treatment of diseases of children; is in charge of the Children's Clinic of Flower Hospital, New York City, and Lecturer on Children's Health. We hope the mothers will carefully observe his instructions and will preserve this article for future reference and guidance.—EDITOR.

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THE most neglected, important period in the physical life of the child is the toddling, before-school age. Most mothers are familiar with the tests, feeding and safeguarding of the infant. The baby is, more or less, in the skilled hands of the physician, but suddenly there comes a transition in the life of the human plant, our child.

He is removed from liquid food and seated at the home table. "Bobby is eating everything now," the mother exclaims as if that fact relieved her from all responsibility in connection with his diet.

"He can play out of doors," she further attests. That Bobby eats indiscriminately and enters into the life of the community and home through being at last "on his feet," prove the high child death rate between the years of two and seven; prove the prevalence of rickets, infantile paralysis and contagious diseases. The child from the age of two up to school age is exposed to dangers from a mixed diet and to disease menace from contact with germs that are as vital as the diet and disease dangers of infancy. If we are going to carry our children up to healthy man and womanhood, we will surround the period before the mental strain of the first school year with all the care and forethought that science and medicine can bring to bear upon the growing child body.

I am not going to set an arbitrary standard for measuring the status of the perfect child. To do this is to discourage the mother whose children may be handicapped by a previous disease record or other conditions which necessarily make growth slower and health less sure than in the case of the child who is well from birth. I will, instead, outline a program of home care in feeding and prevention of disease which, if followed to the letter for six months, ought to leave your child, between the ages of two and seven, better than when he started.

Diet

The food of the child from two to seven years must consist of well-balanced starches, proteins and fats. To state a reason for this, simply, I may say that the starches and fats provide the necessary heat and energy for the little body and the proteins do the necessary repairing and building of body tissue necessitated by the child's new activities of walking, running and playing. To feed the child any one of the foods containing these values, to the overbalancing of the other is to block the progress of the human engine. To feed the child stimulating foods which interfere with the action of these is to, possibly wreck the little human dynamo.

Foods that contain the maximum of starch, proteins and fats and the only foods which should be taken into the child's stomach during the first dentition are:

- Milk.
- Cooked Cereal.
- Eggs: Soft boiled, Coddled, Poached.
- Meats: Beef, Mutton, White meat of chicken, Soft, white meat fish.
- Breads: White and entire wheat, two days old, Zwieback, Rusk, Graham crackers, Educator crackers.
- Vegetables: Potatoes, baked, Asparagus tips, Celery, cooked, Carrots, boiled or stewed, Peas, fresh, Beans, string, Spinach.
- Broths: Not greasy, Not containing vegetables unless strained.
- Fruits: Oranges, Apples, baked, Prunes, stewed, Peaches, Pears, Grapes.
- Desserts: Junket, Custards, Rice pudding with raisins, Ice cream, Milk Chocolate, Fresh fruit jam or jelly.

General suggestions in connection with this dietary would be that cereals be cooked a very long time and served with as much salt as the child will take; peas and beans will be more easily digested if put through a coarse colander and served in a puree or pulpy mass; little sugar should be allowed on cereals; there is danger in swallowing fruit seeds, therefore all should be removed from fruit before it is given to the child; and a certain amount of fruit should be given children every day.

No game, sweetbreads, pork, sausage, liver, raw celery, fried or scrambled eggs, greasy soups or fresh bread should enter into the diet. The food value of the best sweet chocolate in cakes can hardly be overestimated. I have brought children through typhoid fever on it.

Two differentiated, model meal plans may be suggested. They differ in the frequency of the meals and their character. The five-year-old child, who is more active than his little toddling brother, needs more food at each meal, but is able to wait longer periods between them. The foods listed constitute a perfectly balanced dietary whose food values in relation to the growth and health of the child is perfect.

DAILY MEAL SCHEDULE FOR THE CHILD OF TWO TO THREE YEARS.

- 6.30 A. M. Four to six ounces of milk (about a tumbler full). Two to three table-spoonfuls of cooked cereal served with milk and salt.
- 8.30 A. M. One to two ounces of fruit cake, or a dish of stewed prunes.
- 11.00 A. M. Four to six ounces of milk. Zwieback, toast or crackers.
- 1.30 or 2.00 P. M. Egg or beef juice or meat. One vegetable. Bread. Dessert.
- Upon waking from nap. Four to six ounces of milk.
- 6.30 P. M. Milk. Apple sauce or baked apple. Bread with a possible accompaniment of jelly or jam.
- Milk chocolate after meals.

DAILY MEAL SCHEDULE FOR THE CHILD FROM THREE TO SEVEN YEARS.

- 7.00 A. M. Milk. Cereal, served with cream and salt. Fruit.
- 11.00 A. M. A mug of milk. Bread or toast or crackers, with jam or jelly.
- 1.00 or 2.00 P. M. Soup or broth. Meat. Two vegetables. Bread, with little butter or jam. Dessert or fresh fruit.
- 6.00 P. M. Light soup. Vegetables. Bread, as at noon meal. Dessert or fresh fruit.
- Milk chocolate after meals.

Following this dietary, which is planned according to the scientific analysis of each food in relation to the needs of the child body, should result in immediate normal growth, providing that the general health of the child is safeguarded. This growth may be compared with the following table of model weight, height and chest measurements, although your child need not "measure up" to it. Your test will be any gain from day to day along these lines, carefully watched and registered.

	Weight	Height	Chest
2 years,	27 lbs.	32.5 inches	19 inches
3 "	32 "	35 "	20 "
4 "	36 "	38 "	20 1/2 "
5 "	41 "	41.5 "	21 1/2 "
6 "	45 "	44 "	23 1/2 "
7 "	50 "	46 "	23 3/4 "

Following a few simple directions will safeguard the child from disease at this important stage in his development. It is a mistaken idea that children must go through a series of contagious diseases between the ages of two and seven. The reserve force for combatting these, should they come to the child, will be greater after the second dentition than before. The mother may and should surround the home child with every possible hygienic protection at home.

Bathing Rules

The child should have two baths every day, one in the morning and one before going to bed. The best soap to use is castile or a pure, white soap, and the health value of the bath is increased materially if salt is used, in the proportion of a handful of salt to each gallon of water. A necessary bath accompaniment is a good bath thermometer, which may be purchased at a drug store for a dollar at the least. For the child of two, three and four years the temperature of the bath should be from 85 degrees Fahrenheit to 90 degrees. As the child grows older, up to the age of seven years, the bath temperature should be lowered; from 60 degrees Fahrenheit to 80 degrees is proper. The morning bath should be followed by a cold sponge and both morning and evening the child's body should be carefully powdered with a pure powder, warding off such skin diseases as eczema.

This bathing schedule may be taught children so as not to take too much of the mother's time. Even a very young child may learn to bathe himself.

Sleeping

A schedule for sleeping comes next in health value. The two-year-old child needs from fourteen to fifteen hours of sleep, mostly at night. The seven-year-old child needs ten hours of sleep, the time being graduated between the ages of two and seven. At four years it is wise to stop the daily nap. The temperature of the room in which the child sleeps should be registered from 70 degrees Fahrenheit for the two-year-old to 55 degrees Fahrenheit for the seven-year-old. The child should go to sleep alone, in a darkened room. The room where the child sleeps should contain at least 1000 cubic feet of air space; this is contained in a room measuring 10 feet by 10 feet, or its equivalent in size.

Air and Exercise

Keep the child out of doors all that is possible. If the weather is inclement, flush the house with fresh air until it registers a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit, put on the child's wraps and let him play indoors. The room where the child plays should have no plumbing, if possible, and should, preferably, be heated by a fireplace. The exercise which the child gains through the right kind of play at this age has a most important effect upon his future health and strength.

All kinds of games, except competitive games, should be encouraged. The latter tax the child's developing nervous organization to such an extent that it sometimes results in a physical reaction in nervous indigestion. For this same reason, no child under seven should be allowed to ride a bicycle. His brain is not ready for the difficult process of concentration involved in the balancing. At this age, however, the child should exercise on a tricycle or a toy similar to the Irish mail. Any toy that has four wheels is also valuable. He may coast, swim, ride horseback, use toy horse reins, all kinds of balls, carts, a wheelbarrow. Any game that involves running should be encouraged. The child should play hard until his muscles, but not his nerves, are tired.

Disease

Disease which menaces the child at this time may be reduced to a minimum by the mother. She may learn, also, to detect any symptoms of disease, contagious or otherwise, early, and in time to summon quick medical help which will reduce the danger.

Three of the worst disease breeders can be fought best and most quickly by the mother.

Guard against wet feet.

Guard against high winds.

Guard against melting snow.

The child's skin should be examined after the daily bath for any possible inflammation or eruption. The ears should be watched with special care. If an earache continues for more than a day, the fact should be reported to the family physician promptly. The condition may mean an infection or inflammatory condition and its dangerous accompaniment, a running ear.

The mouth and teeth demand mother watchfulness. Any condition of apparent mouth breathing or continued symptoms of "cold in the head" should have a physician's attention as being symptoms of adenoids. The teeth should be cleaned twice a day, using a solution of boric acid or some other as pure an antiseptic. This cleansing, which the child will readily learn to do himself, should include the entire inside of the mouth and the gums, upper and under surfaces. These first teeth should be regularly inspected by a dentist; once every two months is not too often. Cavities in first teeth should be filled.

The eyes should be cleaned daily with a solution of boric acid. The child may be taught to do this cleansing himself with an eye glass and will learn to enjoy the after-effect of comfort which comes from the removal of any possible atoms of dust and the cool cleansing. The mother should watch for any possible inflammation about the region of the eyebrows or in the lining of the eyelids. Such a condition may be a forerunner of eye disease and should be immediately reported to a physician.

The method of using the important little eye glass is simple. It is filled to the brim with the boric acid solution and the eye is fitted closely into it. The head is tilted back, the eye opened and closed, and the action of the eyelashes and antiseptic solution give the eye ball and the lining of the lids a thorough and cleansing scrubbing.

The child's throat and nose need daily care. The throat should be gargled at least once a day with an antiseptic solution. The nose should be syringed daily with a similar solution. The region back of the ears and extending down the throat at this point should be carefully watched for enlarged glands, a common disease symptom of childhood and one that demands instant reporting to a physician.

These home hints and safeguards constitute the A. B. C. of the successful program by which you may make of your child the healthiest possible little animal at the important period of going to school. They will not take any more of your time than does the reading. Sit down, quietly, once in a while, and plan the schedule for the children's meals for a week ahead. Examine and treat eyes, nose, ears and throat in fifteen minutes once a day. Teach the children, at the earliest possible moment to bathe themselves and cleanse their teeth. Given the chance and the right kind of toys, every child, naturally, takes to the right kind of exercise.

The results of following, absolutely, this home health program will be a marked progress in the physical development of the child before he leaves the home for school.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

you didn't write again, so to make everybody happy (including myself). I was going to ask for another letter.

Cabin, shanty or bungalow—what does it matter so long as it is Home and you love it and are happy?

You are such an all-round sort of person that I hope you will come again with a cheery letter and also tell us about other pretty things we can make.—Ed.

PERITAN, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Is there just a wee space for me? I have come along the babbling brook and will hand my huge bouquet of verbenas, sweet williams, daisies, buttercups, red, yellow and blue columbine and honeysuckle to Mrs. Wilkinson.

I want to tell you of a little help I would like each one to try. To serve pie with a good, wholesome crust without flour and only enough shortening to grease the pan, grease well the pie pan and sprinkle on all the fine bolted corn meal that will adhere to the side and bottom of pie tin and carefully pour in any desired filling that is baked with our crust such as custard, lemon, pumpkin or squash pie. A meringue, made of sugar and whites of eggs may be added if desired, and if you have the sugar. Try this when you are in a hurry or tired and don't want to go to the bother of making crust in the usual way.

MISSOURI SISTER.

Thanks, kind lady, for the beautiful bouquet. I have given it the place of honor on my desk. Your labor-saving piecrust idea is worthy trying. Come again with some more helps for us.—Ed.

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Do you know of some good, kind old lady who loves children, and whose health maybe isn't of the best, who would like to come out on our farm for a few months this summer and fall. I prefer a woman fifty-five or sixty years old, and she would just have to work for her board and not help with the hard work such as washing and scrubbing. If she is a good hand at raising chickens she could have her share of the chickens. I intend this only for the good, and I thought someone from the city would be glad of a chance like this. I have three little girls, twelve, ten and six years old. Yours truly, Mrs. M. C.

SAN DIEGO, 3932 Cleveland Ave. CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I am sending in some tested recipes which I hope you have space for, as I think the sisters will like them.

Am also enclosing a poem. Don't you think the sentiment is good? It makes me feel better just to read it. The world has need of more smiles. Each one of us should try to make this world a little brighter and more cheery. It takes but little effort, yet it is far-reaching in effect. Just a pleasant look, a smile, a bow, a shake of the hand and a kind word excites an electric thrill and casts a ray of hope, health and sunshine into the hearts of the most despondent.

Yours for more smiles, MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH.

Minnie Mackintosh.—There's a mark of truth in the poem you so kindly sent and we make space to print it. I've seen the time when an honest-to-goodness, straight-from-the-heart smile would have meant that much to me. And a smile today does lots more good than one day after tomorrow

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or some future time when, maybe, we do not need it quite so much—though they are acceptable at any time. Thanks for the recipes, too.—Ed.

A Pleasant Smile

"The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellowmen Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent."

"There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile. It always has the same good luck—it's never out of style. It naves us on to try again when failure makes us blue. The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you. It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent— It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent."

"A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear. It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings it will tug. And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug. So smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant— It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent."

(Author Unknown.)

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I can't keep still one minute longer. I have enjoyed the letter about city and country life but I don't like some of the reasons that were given. I expect you wonder where I live, and why. I have lived in both city and country and have known some dear kind people in both places. I live in the country now and for the reason that I love it. It means much more to me than city life for I feel much nearer to Nature and God. We are trying to pay for a little farm and have very few of the conveniences some people consider necessary to life. The air is so fresh, the water so clear, pure and sparkling that we don't seem to miss them, although we expect to have them later.

Perhaps my liking for the farm is because I was raised on one and taught the joy and blessing as well as the work of a farmer's wife. I don't know, but somehow I could not get the energy, ambition and love into my city work that I can here. I used to wake up so tired after hearing the thump, thump of noises in the city and how I hated to get up. Seven o'clock seemed so early to get to work and it was so long before the whistle blew for quitting time. I felt bottled in, smothered and choked. I couldn't trust clearly. It was just rush, rush from one thing to another with everything in a whirl. I sometimes wondered what was the use of living if we had to do that always. I had good times at entertainments, etc., but would have enjoyed a picnic in the woods or a ramble in the fields a great deal more.

Now when I awake I feel fresh and young, just as though I wanted to jump and shout and so hungry I can hardly wait until I get breakfast which is generally between five and six. The air is so pure and sweet that every breath seems to put new life into me. Morning breaks quietly with first one bird and then another calling, the sun comes peeping up and everything awakens and seems glad to be alive. Everything seems to say good morning to John as he goes to work and my own work gets done in less time than I think possible, and I have plenty to do with my housework, chickens and garden. But they are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

MAKE AN ALWAYS READY DRESS
Then you can do the roughest kind of house or garden work without skirts to interfere and when the unexpected caller comes, presto! in a second you can transform it into the neatest of house dresses. It's the new dress for war-time women! It means less washing and no petticoats. Any lady can make this money-saving garment, yes, but she must have our pattern and directions. This design is patented and can be secured from no other source. You get all this for the pattern, full directions, yes, and a booklet also, telling you how you can get absolutely true, jewelry, handbags, neckwear, dresses and many other useful articles for ladies. Send \$1c for all this—satisfies or your money back. Be sure to give your bust measure. **ALPENA ART & NOVELTY CO., Alpena, Mich.**

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "What's she doing—Ravenel?" Tommy was on his feet, pale as Levalion up stairs. "Nothing! Just sitting there like death. Go to her and see if you can make her cry. I couldn't make her even seem to hear me." As the door closed behind the boy, Houghton turned to Adrian. "It was to say good by I sent him," he said cheerfully. "The warrant has come to arrest her." "She sha'n't go!" cried Gordon blackly; but he knew he was talking nonsense. "There's no choice! Tomorrow you may—if you move heaven and earth and the stars in their course"—bitterly—"be able to bail her out again!" He turned to the window because there were tears in his eyes, and so did not see that every trace of humanity had been wiped out of Adrian Gordon's countenance, as in a voice the like of which Mr. Houghton had never heard, he called down the wrath of God on Levalion's secret murderer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BAD MOVE.

Two days afterward the great gates of Levalion Castle were opened wide to let out the funeral of the man who had been poisoned in his own house. Behind the hearse, before the long rows of country neighbors who came because they must and the flocking poor who came because the dead man had been good to them, walked the new Lord Levalion as chief mourner—and people stared as they saw Sir Thomas Annesley walking at his side. Sir Thomas, whose sister was a murderess, and lying in jail awaiting her commitment for trial at the assizes. "I wonder the boy can hold up," said Lord Claytor to his companion. "I honestly believe she didn't do it, though!" But when asked who did, he was silent. Long and speechlessly the new Lord Levalion stood by his cousin's grave. If there were men who would have spoken to him they dared not do it, so hard and hostile was his face. He turned without seeming to see his neighbors or the parson at his elbow; and to the surprise of every one drove off in the opposite direction from Levalion Castle.

He was not needed there, Levalion's lawyer was in charge, and would remain so till it pleased Adrian Gordon to come back. There was no will to read, nothing to keep the heir from taking up his immediate residence. Except that his wife's settlements and jointure were secured to her, Lord Levalion had arranged nothing. That consolation legacy to Adrian had never been made—or needed.

But all that was the last thing in Adrian's head as he drove to the station from that ghostliest thing on earth, the funeral of a murdered man.

In the last two days he had ransacked the village, but of a Mrs. Murray no one had ever heard. The landlord of the raw new bungalows had gone away; the caretaker gave a description of Miss Brown, the defaulting tenant, which did not tally in any respect with Hester Murray, except that Miss Brown had yellow hair.

But as Hester might be, he had never known her to drink; and the village girl who had waited on the tenant of the bungalow swore that two days out of three her mistress would drink herself into a heavy sleep. She said, also, that Miss Brown never left the house except to go into the garden; that at night, from her cottage nearby—for she had never slept in the house—she had always seen the drawing room lit up till all hours. And it was clear her story was true, for none of the village people had ever laid eyes on the levitating tenant during all the three months she had lived in the bungalow.

"That disposes of Hester," Adrian said to himself. "She could never have lived cooped up like that. She'd have scoured the country for exercise."

Levalion's lawyer, too, poochpooed the idea, as

he furnished Mrs. Murray's present address in London.

"She could not have been here, or his lordship would have mentioned it in his instructions to me. I was to pay quarterly to her account in the Starr Street branch of Lloyd's Bank, five hundred a year, so long as she observed his lordship's conditions of never going within a hundred miles of any of his country houses, or approaching him or his wife in any way, personally or by letters. I received those instructions one morning, and the next had a letter from Mrs. Murray herself, from a London address and posted in London. I think you may set aside all thought of her having been down here. Lord Levalion would have made no terms with her in that case. I am convinced. Three days afterward she drew her money, and I made it my business to ascertain her whereabouts. She and her boy were at the address she had written about—Starr Street, Paddington."

And to Starr Street Adrian was going, in hopes that if Hester Murray and the woman Tommy had seen were one and the same, he could terrify it out of her. For he owed her a long score. It was pouring rain and pitch-dark when he found her number in the shabby street, a strange dwelling for a woman who had had the best house in Eaton Place. If he had any thought that she would not see him, he was mistaken; for he had barely entered the sordid lodging house sitting-room when she came in. Small, pretty, dainty as usual, but with something so unaccustomed in her dress that he started.

"Adrian!" she said prettily. "This is kind of you," and she pretended not to see that he made no motion to take her outstretched hand. She sat down, not sure what had brought him, his own business or another's. In spite of herself, her heart thumped.

"I didn't come to be kind," he said coolly. "But what's the matter with you? Is Murray dead?" For she was dressed in new widow's mourning, inconspicuously expensive for 15 Starr Street.

"No," she answered quietly. "Levalion! And I—loved him."

Some emotion she could not control convulsed her face.

"Your truthfulness with him showed it!" brutally. "But I fail to see why you wear widow's weeds."

"Because, in my own eyes, I am his widow," she said. "You know that! Have you come here to insult me when I am heartbroken—or why?" And to his astounding eyes there were the ravages of fearful grief in her face. But he was in no mood for pity.

"How dared you tell Lady Levalion, before her marriage," he said—and it was not what she had expected—"that Mrs. Gordon was my wife?"

"Because Sylvia Annesley made me, threatened me. And I did it in ignorance. If I had known what I was doing, do you think I would have stirred a finger to help Levalion to marry—to marry!" bitterly.

"I suppose not. Well, it's some small comfort to think you ruined yourself! Were you trying to undo your work by passing yourself off as Miss Brown, at Levalion?"

But the sudden question never jarred her; she had been ready for it, since for all she knew, Levalion might have told him. Her wide open eyes opened innocently as she stared at him, and all the while it was sweeping over her acute brain that he was speaking by guesswork.

"I don't know what you mean!" she cried, in her clear, high voice. "I know nothing about any Miss Brown."

"Will you come down there and tell the caretaker you don't?" quietly. "Yes," said Hester Murray, just as quietly; "if you can make me understand what you mean. Caretaker of what? and what has he to do with me? I have not been at Levalion Castle for three years, and you know it."

"You've been living within a mile of it all summer!"

Pale as a sheet, she stood up in front of him. "Are you mad?" she said. "Would I—I that he discarded, shamed, ruined, go near him and his new wife? Whoever your Miss Brown was, she was not I! I've been ill, poor, starving, nearly dying, till Levalion heard of it and sent me money."

"Have you been here all summer, then?" unconvinced.

He terrified her till she could scarcely answer him, and if she did not satisfy him she was ruined. She shook her head.

"I've been in France, Boulogne," she said. "In a pension; you can write and ask them." And thanked Heaven she dared to play the desperate card, though only yesterday she had loathed the means that put it into her hand.

"Day before yesterday—the last few days?" doggedly.

"I've been here. Oh, Adrian! Why are you asking me such questions? If I had been at Levalion, could I have stayed away from—him?"

Her low, broken voice, her puzzled misery, were perfect; and yet the man disbelieved in her because he knew her to be a liar.

"Do you expect me to believe it was not you who lived at Levalion, in that bungalow behind the village, all summer?" he said. "Because I think it was."

"It was not I. And if it had been, it is none of your affair."

Her change of tone startled him. He did not realize he had made a mistake when he said "think," instead of "know."

"Here," she said, and she wrote an address on a bit of paper. "Write to Boulogne and ask. And now tell me what your Miss Brown has been doing that you should think I was she?"

Her face was haggard as she waited for the answer, yet something in it warned Gordon that to answer her would be sheer madness.

"Hester," he said quietly, "has it occurred to you that it is I now who am Lord Levalion? What do you expect me to do about your allowance?"

Something cunning flashed into her eyes, and was gone.

"I have not asked you for money," she returned. "And—I don't think I will."

"If you want it, you had better stay here till you hear from me. Do you understand?"

"Unless you hear from me—first," she said slowly. And he could not understand the mixture of triumph and fright that was in her face.

"What do you mean? You're powerless," he cried sharply.

"Yes." And for his life he did not know whether it was an assent or a question. He caught back the threat that was on his lips and went out.

In the street he called himself every sort of fool. As if it had been written on the black, rainy sky, he saw that he had betrayed his suspicion of her and she had cleared herself and then defied him. He had accomplished absolutely nothing of what he meant to do.

"She means mischief," he said to the depths of his umbrella. "She's going to do something." But just what Mrs. Murray had in her power never entered his brain.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TRIVIAL INCIDENT.

Lady Levalion had been committed for trial at the assizes, and, as Houghton had foreseen, was refused bail.

In the county jail at Valehampton she must stay alone, comfortless—a girl of nineteen; must be a month away from liberty and free air before her trial. Of after that Houghton dared not think. He worked wonders for her comfort, though, and instead of a cell she had a room, plain and bare, but still a room. Yet it seemed prisonlike enough to Sir Thomas Annesley, when at last he had leave to go and see her.

Door after door was unlocked and locked behind him; corridor after corridor sickened him with its cold smell of carbolic acid, till at last he stood in the small room that was properly part of the jail infirmary, and heard its iron door click behind his heels.

"Tommy!" she cried, incredulous, rapturous, though she had known he was coming.

But the boy could not answer; could only cling to her, trying to choke back his pitiful sobbing against her shoulder. For he had seen her face, and knew a little, just a little, of what her days and nights must have been.

"Don't cry, darling!" she whispered, as though it had been he and not she that was in peril of life. "Oh, Tommy, I thought I would die for want of you!"

"They wouldn't let me come." He lifted his head. "Who's that?" he cried sharply. For a woman was sewing by the window.

"The matron," softly. "Did you think they'd let you see me alone?"

The woman looked up.

"Don't mind me, sir!" she cried, her hard face very gentle. "I'll not heed anything you say."

For Houghton, by good luck, was the prison doctor, and she believed in him as in the four Gospels.

"She's been very good to me," Ravenel said gratefully, and the matron smiled, but her eyes were wet. For, if Lady Levalion were innocent ten times over, she could not prove it. And the matron's only daughter who died would have been just the age of this girl, who presently would be tried for murder. She moved to the farthest limit of the room as the brother and sister sat down on the bed.

"Are you well, Tommy?" Ravenel whispered. "You look so thin!"

"Never mind me; I'm all right." He grabbed at her hand. "I can only stay half an hour. Tell me, can't you think of anything I don't know?"

"Nothing," deliberately. For once having perjured herself because she had seen a flying glimpse of a man she thought was Adrian, there was nothing to do but stick by it. If she had been certain he was in London, she could have told the truth; but yet it would have helped her very little in face of those two bottles.

"You've seen your lawyer?"

She nodded. There had been little enough in that clever man's face to reassure her.

"Don't fret," she said slowly. "There are three weeks before I—my trial."

"And so far we haven't found out one thing," he said, and hid his face again.

"I've thought of something, though it can't help me," she began, smoothing the boy's rough hair. "The Umbrella, Tommy! She didn't send for me to tell me about that old story of Sylvia. She sent for me to warn me about Levalion. I feel it, and he did, too; else why did he say, before he died: 'We should have gone.'"

"But the Umbrella's dead. We'll never know."

"No! But if she knew something, some one else may. It's sure to come out."

"But if it doesn't?" he gasped.

A dreadful shudder took her. To die, with a rope around her neck, in a prison-yard!

"Pray it will!" she cried. "Oh, Tommy, I know you'll help me if you could! But if you can't, pretend it's all right. It's the only thing you can do for me. I've got to be brave!"

The boy sat up, but he did not look at her.

"Look here," he said; "what do you think about Gordon?"

"He didn't do it!" quickly; for all her pains, joyfully.

"No! I don't mean that. But if he wants to help you, why doesn't he come back to Levalion Castle and watch those servants? He's vanished, clean gone. Went to London the day of the funeral, and nobody knows where he is."

"He couldn't help me," loyally. "Those servants know no more than they said." But her heart sank in her. Was it possible that he did not care? And yet it had not been so much for Adrian's sake as for Levalion's that she had lied at the inquest. No one should be able to say that one of the dead man's own blood had murdered him because he had loved his wife.

"Perhaps not! But Gordon ought to be there," gruffly.

"Are you there?" she asked.

"Where can I go?" miserably. "I've no money. If I had, I couldn't leave you."

"Adrian will look after you." She hesitated, for she had a dim idea that if they hanged her the crown would take her jointure.

"I wouldn't take his money. It was all his!" bitterly.

"It was all Sylvia." For the first time she had color in her face. "Oh, don't hark back to it, Tommy! Levalion was kind to us; and some one killed him for it."

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MRS. HOUSE A WIT.—When Colonel House, the distinguished American, was sent by President Wilson on a special mission to Berlin some little time before this country declared war, he took with him his wife, who is as witty as she is beautiful.

Even then the feeling in Germany against America was very bitter, and one day at a reception the wife of a High German official approached Mrs. House and said very rudely: "Germany will win this war. Then let America look out."

"How will Germany win?" said Mrs. House, quite calmly.

"With her submarines, with her Zeppelins, with her soldiers, and, above all, with perseverance. Perseverance, madam, always in the long run achieves its object."

"Not always," replied Mrs. House. "I once owned a hen that persevered in sitting on a china egg."—Boston Post.

AUGUST COMFORT

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Crumbs of Comfort

Luck brings pluck.
Calumny kills in whispers.
The devil laughs at hypocrites.
To live long one must live slowly.
Events are often the best calendars.
Good fame is better than a good face.
A man's best friends are his ten fingers.
Obstinate people are the lawyer's delight.
Fire in the heart means smoke in the head.
An evil tongue must be cured in the thought.
Friendship is the remedy for all misfortunes.
Habit is a fine-woven cable and a strong one.
Nothing is certain in a lawsuit but the expense.
It is always term-time in the court of conscience.
They who can be laws to themselves need but few laws.
A small debt produces a debtor; a large one an enemy.
A head without words is better than words without heart.
The drinking of water never made a man sick nor a wife a widow.
Second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, are easily put on and off.
The wisdom of nations lies in their proverbs, collect and learn them.
Curiosity is to look over other people's affairs and to overlook your own.
Ill-luck, in nine cases out of ten, is the result of saying pleasure first and duty second.
Have no dealings with a man in a passion; for men are not iron to be wrought upon while hot.
It is well to make a just computation between the duration of a pleasure and that of the repentance which must follow it.

Soy Beans a Valuable Food

Soy beans have been used and liked in the United States for many years in those regions where they have been grown, and more recently have been used by canners to some extent for general trade. The war situation, with its need for finding new foods and new uses for old foods, has fixed attention on this food crop to such an extent that the name soy bean has now become fairly familiar.

The soy bean, which is well known in the Orient as a valuable food staple, is unlike common legumes, in that it contains much oil and no starch. Oil is obtained by pressing it out of the beans. This leaves a press cake which still contains some oil and all the rest of the food material originally present in the beans. The cake is readily ground into flour, which is of high food value and can be used in many ways in cooking. It has been on the market to some extent for a long time and used for special purposes. It is now becoming a common foodstuff in some localities, one which is well worth knowing and using.

Experiments with the soy-bean flour in the experiment kitchen of the Office of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, show that palatable dishes can be made by using it as one of the ingredients. Tested recipes using soy-bean flour are given in Secretary's Circular 113 just issued by the Department. Copies will be sent free on request from Division of Publication, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



COTTON frocks come for every age today, but little maids have prior right to them. Short waists, plaits, big collars and pockets should not be forgotten.

Jumper styles are ever popular, and may be worn with a glimpse of any soft material.

Suspender dresses are again with us—just the thing for comfort and a saving in labor for the laundress.

The summer wardrobe of every little maid should boast of some good serviceable bloomers.

They are so desirable for play and general wear and may be made to match the frock.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH
Unless Other Price is Stated.

1378.—Boys' Blouse Suit. Linen, drill, khaki, galatea, gingham and chambray, are all suitable for this style. The trousers may be of serge or cloth, and the blouse of wash material. Corduroy or pique would also be nice for this suit.

Cut in four sizes: three, four, six and eight years. It requires one and one fourth yard of 36-inch material for the blouse, and one and one eighth yard for the trousers, for a three-year size.

2030.—Boys' Suit with or without shield and yoke facing, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is fine for wash materials, such as galatea, drill, linen, flannelette, corduroy, seersucker, gingham and chambray. *The blouse may be worn in smock, or in sailor style.

Cut in four sizes: three, four, five and six years. It requires two and one half yards of 44-inch material for a three-year size.

2438.—A Pleasing Frock for the Growing Girl. This would be pretty in flowered voile or organdy, and is also nice for batiste, dimity, satin, silk and combinations of material. The berth may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material.

2440.—A Group of Smart Dress Decorations. For the vest, satin, linen or silk are attractive, for the skirt, the same materials may be used. The collar may be of organdy, lawn, batiste, or crepe, with lace or embroidery and ribbon for trimming.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. No. 1 will require one and one eighth yard of 36-inch material; No. 2, one yard of 36-inch material; No. 3, one and seven eighths yards of 22-inch material for a medium size.

2454.—A Pretty, Attractive Set of Collars. Any reasonable materials may be used for these styles. No. 1 and No. 2 are splendid for satin, cloth or silk. No. 3 and No. 4 are pretty in batiste, satin, silk, lawn, organdy, mull, crepe, chiffon, net or lace. The pattern includes all styles illustrated. It is cut in one size, medium. It requires for No. 1, one half yard of 30-inch material; for No. 2, five eighths yard of 30-inch material; for No. 3, three fourths yard of 27-inch material; for No. 4, one half yard of 30-inch material.

2455.—A Good Outing or School Suit. In this illustration the blouse is shown in material different from that of the skirt, but both may be of the same material. Serge, gingham, chambray, galatea, repp, poplin and gabardine are nice.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires two and one half yards of 27-inch material for the blouse and two and three fourths yards for the skirt.

2457.—A Comfortable Apron Model. This is a good "coverall" style, suitable for gingham, linen, percale, lawn, khaki, drill and alpaca. The belt may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2460.—A Cool, Comfortable Play Dress. This design is good for repp, pique, linen, gingham, chambray, percale, galatea, Indian Head, drill or cotton corduroy.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years. Size four requires two and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2461.—A Splendid Style for Sports or Outing. In striped or plain voile, or in Jersey cloth, this model will be very attractive. It could also be developed in gingham or chambray, in white serge or gabardine, with contrasting material for trimming.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires six and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2463.—A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl.—This will be a splendid model for flouncing, embroidered voile, crepe, batiste, lawn, dimity or tulle. The over-skirt may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require three yards of 44-inch material.

2464.—A Stylish Skirt Model. This is a good design for serge, gabardine, foulard, satin, taffeta, gingham, chambray and voile, also for crepe, linen and pique.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require three and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2466.—A Smart Bathing Suit. This model is good for sateen, alpaca, serge, silk, satin, linen, jersey cloth and gabardine. The blouse closes at the side, over a vest. A one-piece undergarment is worn with the blouse; this is best made of material the same as the blouse.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and two and five eighths yards for the undergarment.

2467.—A Very Attractive Frock. Gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, dimity and batiste are good for this model. Also serge, gabardine, foulard and taffeta. The skirt has three gorges, plaited in back and front. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2469.—A Good Style for School and General Wear. In this model, combinations of material would be very desirable. The skirt could be of serge or linen, and the blouse of sports goods, khaki, madras or silk. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require four and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2470.—A Simple but Attractive Frock for Mother's Girl. You will find this a good model for all wash fabrics, also for gabardine, serge, albatross, silk and velvet. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in five sizes: two, three, four, five and six years. Size four requires two and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2471.—A Comfortable Under Garment. This practical model may serve in place of a petticoat. It is suitable for serge, gabardine, repp, poplin, crepe, flannel, flannelette, muslin, cambric, satin and silk.

Cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires one and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2473.—A Pretty Style for Summer Wear. This will be pretty for foulard, taffeta, satin or organdy, gingham, chambray, crepe and voile. The bolero is finished separately. The gathered skirt is joined to an underbody that may be of lining.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require five and three fourths yards of 18-inch material.

2474.—A Comfortable Work Dress. Galatea,

khaki, seersucker, poplin, chambray and chambray are nice and serviceable for this style. This is a good model for a "food conservation" or canning costume.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

2477.—A Comfortable Work Dress. For this serviceable model one could use galatea, khaki, drill, linen, percale, gingham or chambray. The fullness of the fronts forms a panel plait at the center, under which the belt is fastened.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires four and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2478.—A Very Stylish Dress in Coat Blouse Style. This will be fine for linen, shantung, poplin, foulard, satin or gingham. In linen, braided or embroidered, it would be very attractive.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2479.—A Simple, Easy-to-Make Dress for Party, Graduation or Best Wear. This attractive model is fine for batiste, voile, organdy, lawn, silk, crepe or linen. It will also develop nicely in chaille, albatross, taffeta and chambray.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires three and three fourths yards of 44-inch material.

2480.—A Pretty Gulling Gown. This model is very attractive for foulard, gingham, organdy, linen or shantung. The fronts close at the left side of the skirt, under the collar.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six yards of 36-inch material.

2482.—Here is a Simple but Smart Shirt-waist. It is good for batiste, linen, voile, silk, satin or crepe de chine. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow length, with a smart cuff.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires two and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

2485.—Just the Most Comfortable Model for a House Work Dress. The fullness of this dress is held in at the waist line by elastic or a draw-string, but it may be gathered under a belt if preferred. Percale, drill, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, repp, poplin and galatea may be used for this model.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires seven and three fourths yards of 27-inch material.

2487.—A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear. In soft batiste, china silk or crepe, handkerchief linen or dimity, this will make a pretty frock. It is also nice for all-over embroidery, flouncing, embroidered voile or dotted Swiss.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires four and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

for plenty of hose to keep the flames from devouring us, and the pacifists, the mush heads and the dreamers reviled me, and yet if we had only tackled that fire a year earlier than we did it would be all out today, and instead of the bloody Hun devouring nation after nation and licking his gory chops with glee, monarchy would be a thing of the past, the sword would be beaten into a ploughshare, German militarism and autocracy would be in its grave. When a man's house is on fire, it does not matter whether he is a republican, democrat or socialist, if he does not put out the fire, he will soon have no house, and if he does not hop out of the house in quick time he'll be a corpse. That in brief sums up the situation in this country today. This is the people's war and not a war of any political party. The only thing that counts now is whether we are to have a country, a national home in which we can work out our salvation and live up to whatever ideals of government the majority of our citizens deem best for us and our loved ones, or whether we are to go down into the dust (as the Russians for centuries went down under the heel of Genghis Khan, and the poor, wretched, martyred Armenians, have been for centuries forced to live under the yoke of those fiends of hell, the Turks) and become hewers of wood and drawers of water for Hindenburg, the Prussian wild boar, and his bloody legions of baby killing butchers. The American people have scarcely awakened to the fact that we are at war, that is why the socialist is still chasing the capitalist and the profiteers big and small are still chasing the dollar. But wait until the Hun starts to chase the whole bunch of us, then the sapheads and dreamers will be so busy crawling into gopher holes, they will quit playing politics and be shedding tears of blood because they did not remember that the only "ism" worth while when one's country is attacked and when nations are crumbling and men are being slain by the millions, is patriotism and Americanism.

WITH THE CANADIAN FORCES,
FRANCE, JAN. 9, 1918.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have known you through your many excellent articles in COMFORT for quite a while, and we used to agree very well about everything but not about preparedness and war. Until two years ago I used to think you were wrong in your ideas about these things, but I do not think so any longer. As the war has taught me another lesson, and the best proof that I have changed my opinion is that last spring I went into this war myself as a volunteer. I always hated war and militarism and do yet, but I went into it because I think the best way to counteract and check these things is to see that the war will be fought thoroughly through to the very end. Another thing I now see clearly that this great war has in it a great lesson for mankind and that it had to come. I have proved a great eye opener and awakener. It compels us to think and proves that many of our previous ideas are rusty and corrupt. This war will make us believe more in God than all the churches put together so that we can sing with Browning: "Perfect I call Thy plan, thanks that I was a man." I am a lover of the church in Scandinavian and English literature, and I have a nice little collection of good books home in Montana. Excuse my English. I learned it mostly with self study on my homestead in the winter evenings, and after I was 44 years of age. While the losses in this war have been terrible beyond expression we may at least comfort ourselves with the thought that they will usher in unparalleled gains. With greetings from comrades, Americans and Canadians,
Yours most sincerely,
OSCAR VOGSTAD.

There is a letter from a real man, a man with a big heart and a white soul. I hate war as I hate hell; hate everything connected with it, but I knew this war was coming and knew we would have to take a part in it. Lincoln said that no nation could exist that was half slave and half free, and I knew as the democratic spirit took deeper root in the hearts and souls of men, that autocracy and monarchy as exemplified by the two Kaisers of Germany and Austria and the ruling military caste of these countries would make one final and ferocious effort to retain their power and their privileges; that night would try and down right and the right of free men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and government by consent of the governed, would be challenged. The world could not exist half democratic and half autocratic. When Germany invaded Belgium she invaded the territory of every democratic country on earth and thrust her mailed fist into the face of every lover of freedom. All thought and hope that the German socialist was animated by the revolutionary spirit, but he has betrayed his comrades the world over and has proved a willing tool of his imperial master. I warned you of what was coming and bade you prepare and Oscar Vogstad's letter and the terrible events of the last

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



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Don't Pasture New Seeding

NEVER before did we so plainly see the need of following this advice than this season, when field after field of new seeding clover is seen to have been winter-killed. Last fall feed was very high, as it is this year, and the temptation was very great to pasture the new clover and timothy on the grain stubbles. Men who knew better and who never before had fallen to the temptation turned their cattle into the stubble fields, and let them pasture the new, tender, nutritious clover plants. The result is that with the long, cold winter and lack of snow in many parts and repeated freezing and thawing of the unprotected ground the weakened clover plants winter-killed. We have seen field after field plowed up and seeded again to small grain. Considering that clover seed is at an "awful price" at present, the loss is a tremendous one, to say nothing of the loss of fertility which should be gathered by the cropped field when in clover this year and next.

Wise was the man who sowed four pounds of clover seed on every acre of his small grain crop last year and this. That will bring up a fine stand of clover for fall-pasture on land that is not intended to furnish the hay crop next year. Doing this the land is fertilized and the need of pasturing the new seeding for hay is obviated. It is an even better plan to sow some Essex rape with the grain crop, in addition to clover seeding, as the fall pasturage will be richer and better for the stock.

Don't make the mistake again this year of pasturing the new seeding of clover, timothy or alfalfa. Instead of that try to mulch such fields lightly with manure or even with straw as winter protection and added fertility. It will pay to do this. It is ruinous to take the other course.

Lice and Ringworm

Two new remedies have recently been proposed for these irritating pests of animals and may well be tried by our readers.

For the destruction or removal of lice a practical stockman advises the use of table salt, or even common salt, freely applied and rubbed in along the back bone and behind the ears, or on any part of the body most infested by lice. This certainly is a simple and safe treatment and may possibly have some virtue, but thus far we have not had a chance to give it a trial. It reminds us that salt similarly applied is said to be a good remedy for warble grubs in the backs of cattle. The salt is licked off by other cattle, and the licking, as well as the effects of the salt, may destroy the grubs. We prefer to squeeze out each ripe grub by pressing down upon the boil with the open mouth of a large bottle. Then destroy the grubs.

The new remedy for ringworm is to wet each spot and rub in finely powdered calcium carbide, which is then to be washed off in thirty seconds. This is an English remedy and is worthy of trial with us. In this connection it should be remembered that the ringworm parasite, a vegetable one, lives on damp walls and woodwork as well as upon the skin and to get rid of the nuisance it is necessary to cleanse, disinfect and white-wash or paint such objects and all rubbing posts. Both lice and ringworm are most likely to infect stock kept in dark, dirty, warm and poorly ventilated basement stables.

Beware the Dirty Threshing Mill

One day last fall we saw a threshing mill at work on a crop of oats that had come from a field terribly dirty with quack grass. On the same farm the barley was equally foul. The shocks of grain were simply black with quack instead of golden with clean straw. The straw from these fields was baled and sold for city use. The grain we hope was not offered to anyone for seed, but we have no information as to that. It is certain, however, that the threshing mill coming from work on such a foul farm will carry with it some weed seed to the next farm on which it is used. The community threshing outfit may thus carry and spread weed seed from farm to farm and we are certain that this happens in many a district every year.

For this reason, then, the threshing mill should be thoroughly cleaned before it is put to work on the next farm. Run straw through it for a while to shake out the weed seed. Have the threshermen cleanse the sieves and shakers and every part of the machine if it is known that the grain last threshed was foul with noxious weeds. It is well to feed the first bags of grain instead of keeping them for seed and the first chaff and short straw that comes through on starting the mill on the new farm should go into the manure pile or feeding rack. A little care in this matter will save much work in trying to rid clean fields of "inherited" weed pests.

A New Silage

From one of our leading dairy states there has recently come a bulletin describing a new silage. It is claimed that this silage is much to be preferred to corn silage in regions where corn is an uncertain crop on account of climatic conditions or early frosts. This bulletin describes the new silage as follows:

Silage is made from hay made up of a mixture of timothy, clover and alfalfa. The first crop is used for silage, since it contains a large amount of digestible nutrients. The second crop is used for hay. The first crop makes about ten tons of silage per acre. If the grass is cut very early in the morning when the dew is on, there will be little need of running a stream of water into the blower, though this should be done in case the day is dry and the grass gets dried out before going into the silo. A mixture containing from a third to a half timothy makes the best silage. If the silage is wet and well packed it is said to keep just as well as corn silage.

Those who have tried it in comparison with corn silage claim that grass silage is just as good as corn silage and gives just as good results when fed to milk cows at the rate of 40 pounds per day. Four acres of grass silage yielding ten tons per acre will make enough silage to feed ten cows for 200 days, a longer period than silage is usually fed.

It is further claimed that grass silage is better than corn silage in hilly regions because cultivated hillsides are so easily gullied and the surface soil is washed away. Grass holds the soil and prevents washing. All the above looks so good that it is worthy of trial.

Dairying After the War

American farmers are certain of some disappointments during the period of the war, especially during the next few months. Owing to

lack of transportation, dairy products have accumulated in the country until now cold storages and warehouses are "piled to the roof" with stored cheese and condensed milk. These will move of course when cars and ships can be had, since both are the best of concentrated foods for soldiers, but just now there is an excess supply; hence prices of milk are falling and prices of feeds still remain high. With the difficulty which they experience in getting good help, the farmers in the dairy sections are tempted to sell off their cows. This is further brought about by the high price of meat and the high price of veal. With good veal calves bringing fifteen or twenty dollars apiece, the farmer doesn't want to take the trouble to raise them.

WHAT IS LIKELY TO HAPPEN IS THIS: We will cut down our herds as they have done in France and England and Germany and in practically every other dairy country in the world. Then when the war is over, or before, we too will be short of dairy cattle. Already we have had opportunity to sell dairy cattle in large numbers to Europe, but could not ship them over on account of lack of boats. That the fields of Europe will be restocked with American cattle is now certain, provided we ourselves have the cattle to spare. After the war is over there will be a good market both for dairy cattle and for dairy products.

STAY IN THE DAIRY BUSINESS is our advice to dairymen. Don't cut down the size of your herd or sell off your heifer calves. The shortsighted fellow will do that, but the good dairyman should "stick" and increase his numbers if possible. This may be done by raising as much of his own food as he possibly can, producing less milk if prices go too low and increasing his holding of young stock. If he has to sell anything, let it be the old and profitless cows.

Late Crops

What to do if corn falls—or help is so scarce that late planting must be used. These are questions doubly important this year to all farmers in the Northern states.

Barley

We are short of bread stuffs and must keep up our supply of bread crops. Much wheat was injured by winter killing and more will be hurt by bugs and rust. The wheat has already gone out of the country and it is still a long time until harvest. The world needs a billion bushels of wheat from the United States this year, or four hundred million bushels more than we raised last year. Hence barley is one of the most desirable catch crops that we can sow.

Buckwheat does well on almost any well drained soil, but particularly well on light sandy soils and new lands cleared too late for earlier crops. It may be sown as late as July 1st, in fact the last week in June is the accepted time in most of the buckwheat states. The Japanese variety is the most satisfactory. Practically the only enemy that buckwheat has is the blight occasioned by hot weather or the early frost.

Success with this crop then becomes more one of season than anything else. In a critical time like this the farmer can well afford to "take a chance" on the season and sow buckwheat.

Alfalfa

Alfalfa can well follow any small grain, rather wheat or oats. The stubble should be turned over and left for a few days for the weeds to sprout, then it should be thoroughly disked and harrowed and limed if necessary. It can then be seeded with inoculated seed, using 15 to 20 pounds per acre. The Grimm variety has stood up the best in all Experiment Station tests.

While alfalfa will not add to our food crops this year, it will give to the farmer a cheap and abundant source of protein for next year's feeding. It has been a lack of this protein supply that has caused the excessively high price of feeds, the principal reason why it has cost so much to produce milk during the season just closed. By raising his own protein feed the farmer insures himself against either an unusual shortage of feed or a tie-up in transportation, both of which happened last winter, largely due to war conditions.

Turnips

Turnips and rutabagas, especially turnips, are quick growing crops that may be sown as late as July or August with good results. While they are primarily a stock feed they yield heavily and are used extensively as human food.

Millet

The millets are of especial value as hay crops in case of hay shortage. In most states they do well and can follow a corn failure or an early harvest of winter wheat. The Hungarian millet is preferred, sown at the rate of 40 pounds per acre, either broadcast or in drills. While it is desirable that the seeding be done in June, early July is all right if the weather is not too dry and hot.

Over-cured Hay

We want to get the most good out of our feed this year—every year in fact—but especially this year. Hence it is important to cut our hay at the right stage and to cure it well. Many farmers let their hay get too ripe and cure it too much. As hay ripens its fiber hardens and more and more of it becomes indigestible. Very little of completely ripe timothy is digestible. The same is true of clover, alfalfa and other hay crops. WHEN IS HAY READY TO CUT?—Timothy is ready to cut when it is in full bloom. At this stage the plant has reached full maturity and size and contains the most digestible food material. Every day it stands after this decreases its feeding value.

Clover also is ready to cut when in or near full bloom, for exactly the same reason. All the food material is then stored in the plant to be used in ripening seed. Every dry clover blossom indicates just so much indigestible material. Always cut clover in full bloom.

Alfalfa is ready to cut just before or as soon as the first blossoms appear. It has not quite reached full maturity at this stage, but the shoots for the new growth have started and if these get two or three inches high they will be clipped off by the machine and the next crop destroyed or greatly reduced.

OVER-CURING.—The general tendency is to over-cure. This leads to losses in two principal ways. Over-cured clover and alfalfa lose their leaves, the best part of the plant. These should only be wilted, never dry and brittle. Again, recent investigations have shown that there is something of great feeding value in the leaves of green plants. This something is very easily dissolved

out of the dry leaves by rain or dew and lost; hence it is very important to get hay under cover before it has been washed by rain or dew. Probably the best plan is to cut hay in the afternoon or evening, leaving it to dry the next forenoon and get it into the barn before rain or dew has had a chance to fall on it after it is partially dry.

Cow Questions Answered

Here are some common questions that come to us about cows, the answers to which are of general interest and should be remembered by every farm boy and girl. The need of such information is necessary for the other day we saw a picture in a ladies' magazine depicting a cow with a full set of incisor teeth in her upper jaw as well as in the lower jaw.

Q. What are incisor teeth?

A. These teeth are also called "nippers" or "pincher teeth" and are the ones in front of the mouth with which forage is bitten off. They have sharp cutting edges, whereas, the big broad grinding teeth in the back of the mouth, or sides of the jaw bones, have rough surfaces, and are called "molars."

Q. How many incisors has the cow?

A. Incisor teeth are found on the lower jaw only. In place of upper incisor teeth the cow has a dental pad or hard palate against which the incisor teeth of the lower jaw press without cutting. The horse has six incisor teeth above and below and a sharp canine or bridle tooth midway between the incisors and molars above and below on each side of the mouth. In the cow the extra pair of incisors correspond to the canines, but are not apart from the six incisors.

Q. How do the incisors of the cow differ from those of the horse?

A. The incisors of the cow have narrow necks, are shovel shaped and loose in the gums. They also project forward. These provisions are made to prevent the incisors from cutting the dental pad. The incisors of the horse have comparatively broad cutting and grinding surfaces are rigid and upright, as they contact one another from above and below.

Q. Does corn silage loosen the teeth of the cow?

A. No. The teeth naturally are loose, as here stated. Acid silage may help the teeth to more quickly become brittle or break off. It is not uncommon to find a twelve-year-old cow with only the little stumps or necks of her incisor teeth present. Such cows cannot properly gather grass into their mouths when it is brought to it by the tongue. The teeth should be sound if any animal is to thrive well.

Q. Do cows ever need the attention of a veterinary dentist as do horses?

A. Yes; although this fact is not generally understood. The milk teeth crowns of incoming molar teeth (premolars) often fail to come off and may stick between the molars and cheeks or tongue. Such shells or crowns are a common cause of lack of thrift in two-year-old cattle and should be removed. This is easily accomplished by means of a pair of forceps. Sharp points and split and diseased molar teeth also may cause ill-thrift and should be extracted, but it is the young growing cattle that most often need attention from the dentist.

Q. What is "hollow horn?"

A. It is a term applied by ignorant and superstitious people to a mythical disease of cattle. The horns of all adult cattle are hollow. This sometimes works its way into the hollow base of the horn when a cow is suffering from malignant catarrh and that may be the supposed disease referred to as "hollow horn." It is unnecessary and useless to bore holes in the horns and insert drugs of any kind.

Q. How can the age of cattle be told from the horns?

A. A ring forms at the base of the horn for each year of the life after three years. Figure that the smooth point of the horn represents three years and add one year for each ring, counting from the head. Aged cattle have a very deep depression in the horn near the head.

Q. Do cattle "lose the cud?"

A. No. Chewing of the cud, or rumination, is the natural act of bringing food back into the mouth to be more thoroughly chewed and acted upon by saliva. When a cow stops ruminating she is sick. When she recovers, rumination is resumed. Suppression of cud chewing then is a symptom of sickness, and providing an artificial cud of salt pork, or other concoctions, or a red herring cannot cure the sickness. Sometimes the salt makes a cow work her tongue, saliva then flows and rumination may consequently be encouraged. Usually that is temporary, unless the cow is about well and rumination is about to recur at the time the prepared "cud" is administered.

Q. Is there such a disease as "wolf in the tail?"

A. No. The belief in this myth and in "hollow horn" is fast dying out. It is most commonly believed in at the South. The "wolf" in the tail is supposed to be a worm that eats the bone. Maggots or screw worms possibly may form in a wounded or diseased tail, but a worm is not the cause of a soft tail. The end of the tail, nor is splitting of the tail and inserting of salt, garlic and such things necessary or helpful. The soft spot simply is due to pulling apart of the small bones of the tail. "Wolves" under the skin of the back are grubs (larvae) of the ox warble fly.

Q. Are twin heifer calves barren from birth?

A. No. When a bull and a heifer are born as twins, the female commonly is barren, but the male is fertile. Female twins are fertile. The barren heifer is termed a "free martin" and commonly is a hermaphrodite.

Q. Are "volves" ever found in the womb of the cow?

A. No. The red, fleshy, or mushroom-like objects projecting from the lining membrane of the womb, and sometimes are torn off in removing the afterbirth or "cleansing," are cotyledons to which the placental membrane of afterbirth adheres and through which the fetus receives its nourishment in the womb.

Q. When a pure-bred, registered black cow is said to have been mated with a bull of like color and breed and produces a red calf, can the seller of the cow be held responsible and made to pay damages?

A. No. Red was once a natural color of the Aberdeen-Angus breed and a cow of that breed may throw a red calf at any time although the sire is black. This is termed "avivism," or harking back to the lost character of a remote ancestor. In the same way "scurs" horns may appear upon a pure-bred polled calf and a horse occasionally is born with three hoofs on one leg. Such extra hoofs are atavistic recurrences of the additional hoofs characterizing the remote ancestor of the modern horse.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of the Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

CABBAGE WORMS.—A reader of COMFORT from Missouri writes as follows: "Don't ever print a recipe for cabbage worms with poison in it. Here is one that will work and is positively harmless, for I and my friends have all tried it for the past four years."

"One large tablespoon borax,

"One gallon of soft water.

"Sprinkle on cabbage after each rain or as often as required, that is as often as worms appear."

The writer has not tried this recipe but our subscriber has, and assures us that it is good. If so, we recommend it heartily, as we always dislike to advise the use of poisons on plants later to be used as food. While ordinarily there is little danger if used as directed, mistakes may and have occurred and disastrous results have sometimes followed. Try the above recipe and write us your experience.

By the way, this subscriber has hit upon a good idea. Why not send to COMFORT's Modern Farmer any good recipes that you have for control of diseases or insects or other farm use, if for any reason you believe them to be better than those we publish. We will certainly be glad to give space to such of these as seem to us to be worth trying.

Maine is still the most important pulp-producing state, although New York is now a close competitor. Approximately 1,200,000 cords of wood were converted into pulp in Maine in 1915, and almost 1,100,000 cords in New York. Wisconsin ranked third, with 743,000 cords, followed by New Hampshire, with 471,000 cords, and Pennsylvania, with 423,000 cords.

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Some Letter Writer

A Cincinnati man received a personal property schedule and the blame thing puzzled him. So he took an evening off and wrote the following letter, which was lately turned over to the proper authorities:

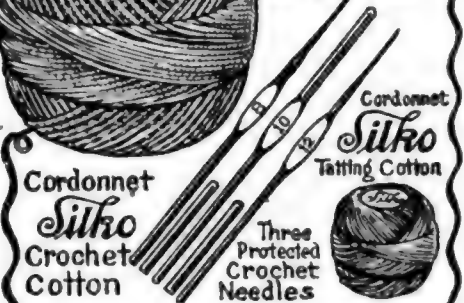
"Walnut Hills
"Cincinnati May 1916-25
"Dear Sir I doant no wat to do with this heer paper I havent got enny money I git 25 dollars every 15 day fur been watchman I hafent bide enny furnicher for menny years moast mi furnicher I bide 30 years ago I hav a piano but it doant belong to me it is mi dauters wat is in Iowa wurkin she is pain 7 dollars month fur it I have a dollar watch a alarm clock my wife a sewing machine I bide the year 1892 it want go if you will tel me wat to do with the paper and send it bak I will do wat you tel me wat to do it tels me menny things I doant no how to understand it."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.

Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



For A Club Of Only Two!

THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnet "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko" crocheting is more easily done and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, deep blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 6 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

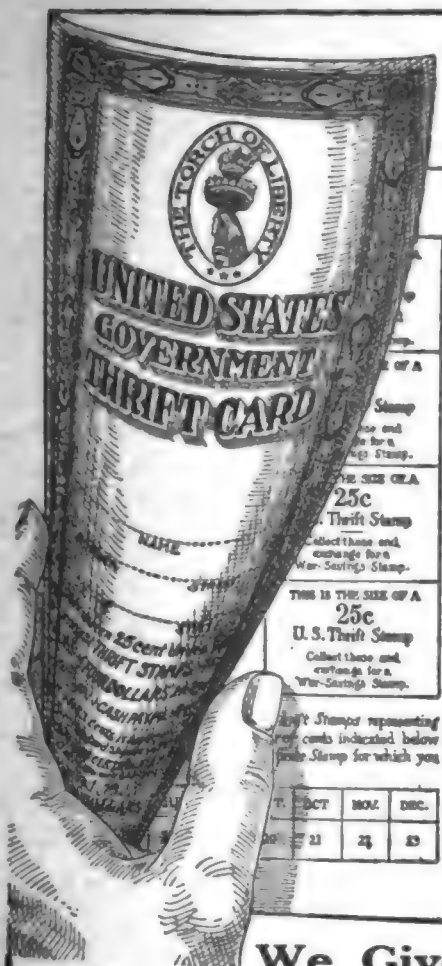
We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We shall send you the complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crocheting and tatting cotton, on the terms of the following special offer:

Offer No. 8962. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we shall send you the three crochet needles, one ball of Dexter "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of Dexter "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8962.

Offer No. 8251. We shall furnish you with cotton at the rate of one ball of the color of your choice for each one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 35 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We shall furnish you with extra balls of the color of the tatting cotton at the rate of one ball for each one-year subscription (not your own) at 35 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



We Give War Thrift Stamps!

How You Can Help Your Country—And Save Money Too—Without Expense To Yourself!

DO you want to help win the war but feel financially unable to buy Liberty Bonds or War Thrift Stamps? Here then is your opportunity to do your bit and yet not invest a cent of your own money. COMFORT is willing to buy 25-Cent War Thrift Stamps and give them to you in place of a premium or cash commission. By following our easy plan you will soon have enough stamps to fill a Thrift Card. Then you can start all over again and fill another card—and so on. In this way you can without expense to yourself, help furnish your country with the money it needs in order to feed, clothe, arm and equip our soldiers and sailors and win this righteous war in defense of American honor and the cause of democracy throughout the world.

Thrift Stamps—What Are They?

United States 25-Cent War Thrift Stamps are the best investment in the world. They are the equivalent of War Savings Stamps, also called "little baby bonds," which—like Liberty Bonds—have behind them the entire resources of the United States.

These Thrift Stamps themselves bear no interest, but they can be exchanged for the larger War-Savings Stamps which do bear interest. When you have filled your Thrift Card with sixteen 25-Cent Thrift Stamps, you are to surrender it to any post office, bank or other authorized agency, pay a few cents in cash—17 cents in June, 18 cents in July, and so on, adding 1 cent each month—and receive in return a \$5 War-Savings Stamp. With this Stamp you will also receive a War-Savings Certificate, containing spaces for twenty of these \$5 War-Savings Stamps. If you should fill the twenty spaces with \$5 War-Savings Stamps before July 1, 1918, the cost to you—if you bought the stamps—would be \$82.40, and on Jan. 1, 1923, the Government will pay you \$100—a net profit of \$17.60. In other words your War-Savings Stamp—which you get in exchange for your 25-Cent Thrift Stamps—will bear 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly. Please understand, however, that you are not obliged to fill your War-Savings Certificate before July 1, 1918. We simply use that date to illustrate what the stamps bring you in interest. You actually have until Jan. 1, 1919, to purchase the stamps. But of course the sooner you secure them the more you will gain in interest on your investment. Therefore it's up to you to fill your Thrift Cards with 25-Cent Thrift Stamps as soon as possible, in order to exchange them for the larger \$5 War-Savings Stamps that pay you 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly, from Jan. 2, 1918.

You Can Help Win The War By Starting A Thrift Card Today!

Every 25-Cent Thrift Stamp which you buy, or secure free on this offer, strikes a blow at our enemies and hastens the victorious ending of the war. And at the same time you are investing money in the best and safest security in the world. We consider it our duty to describe this War-Savings Thrift Plan to our subscribers and offer the Thrift Stamps to our club-readers instead of premiums or cash commission. We have made our offer as liberal as we possibly could in order to make it easy for all to earn the stamps. By accepting our offer you can obtain all the 25-Cent Thrift Stamps you want without paying any money yourself. We shall buy the stamps and give them to you in return for subscriptions to COMFORT.

Here Is Our Offer!

For every two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you one 25-Cent War Thrift Stamp and a Thrift Card free and prepaid. After June 30, we will send you one stamp for two one-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. (Premium No. 8662.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



BY KATH V. SAINT MAUR.

An Army of Poultry Raisers Called For

HAVE you considered how materially our farm women can help win the war by raising chickens for poultry and eggs? Thus they can help finance the Government and increase the scanty food supply. If we only loaned the Government the value of one dozen eggs each week, we should do much. Counting them at the very lowest market price, they would bring twenty-five cents, and that would purchase a Thrift Stamp. Sixteen Thrift Stamps constitute one five dollar War Savings Stamp, and the government experts have estimated that if each of the twenty million homes of America owned one War Savings Stamp, it would mean loaning the government \$2,400,000. Every farm wife could spare one dozen of eggs a week, and there are fifty-two weeks in a year. Just think of what that would mean to the Government, and also to each woman individually, for the money is only loaned to the Government, and Uncle Sam pays four per cent interest for the use of it. Eggs usually sell for nearer fifty cents than twenty-five, so it seems safe to assume that a dozen a week would surely buy eighty twenty-five cent Thrift Stamps during the year, which would of course mean five five-dollar War Savings Stamps. So each woman patriotic enough to help the Government would have twenty-five dollars safely invested and earning four per cent for her.

Women who are doing their share by working for the Red Cross and are lucky enough to be able to buy Liberty Bonds, should encourage their children to care for a few hens as their war work. An old subscriber to COMFORT has given me a picture of her boys, who are working like Trojans to buy Thrift Stamps. She looks on the work as a patriotic duty, and at the same time as a splendid business training for the boys. She gave them fifteen hens, a rooster, and a bag of feed last December. Since then, they have bought their own feed, done all the work of caring for the birds, hatched fifty little chicks, and each of the boys has one War Savings Stamp and two Thrift Stamps up to date (May 20th), which is such a good showing for three youngsters, the eldest of whom is only ten, that I hope some of our readers will adopt the idea and encourage their boys and girls to do their bit in the same way.

Possibly the most important meeting ever held in the interest of poultry raising was the national poultry conference at Chicago the last week in March, for they inaugurated a movement to be known as the War Emergency Federated Poultry Industry, with an Advisory Board to look after the interests of the producer and to co-operate in all government activities wherein the producer of poultry is involved in any way. A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of Agriculture and the Food Administrator to add a representative of the poultry industry to serve on the Farmers' Committee of Twenty-Four.

The Board decided to maintain a fixed office at Washington during the period of the war. A. G. Phillips was chosen president of the War Emergency Federated Poultry Industry, and E. E. Richards treasurer, chairman of the Advisory Board, and secretary of the Federated Poultry Industry.

There will be a "War Emergency Committee" in each State to co-operate in support of the program of the Federation.

We all know that to win the war the men who are fighting must have food. We must send them beef, pork, wheat, and like things that will stand the long trip across the water and keep in good condition, so America will have to depend largely on poultry and eggs to take the place of meat, and if chicks and eggs are to be produced in sufficient amounts, it will be only because the American farmer, together with his family, keep faithfully at work.

Culling is the important work just at this season, for, with the present price of feed, no one can afford to keep "deadheads." As soon as hens stop laying in July, clear them out to make way for pullets.

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are a clear, full, bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good strong pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toenails showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary, and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When this hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat, to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thin out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes, wattles, and also over the body, becomes more soft and pliable as the hen passes from a non-laying period to a laying period. These changes in the comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics and become changed as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer, but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time the pelvic arch enlarges, the abdomen also enlarges, and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat type bird has a tendency to turn her feed into fat, which is indi-

cated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the pelvic bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, back, earlobes, eyelids and vent.

The yellow color is due to xanthophyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior point of the breast bone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth, and the pelvic bones in the region of the vent should be two to three fingers in breadth. In the non-layer these pelvic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a large carcass, and sells for from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half to five months they become quarrelsome, and are hard to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks and are as docile as a flock of pullets. Being inactive, they put on weight rapidly, and although their bodies reach an enormous size, they never become tough.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as the Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass can never be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

The food administration has urged us to "eat more eggs and poultry," and we have done so to the tune of no less than two million hens in Pennsylvania alone. Two million hens less in one state than there were a year ago is a pretty serious condition in which to face this crisis of a world shortage of food, when we must rely so much on poultry to take the place of red meat, for the soldiers must have that.

This is why the Department of Agriculture at Washington is sending out men over the country to urge the people to raise more poultry, and War Poultry Commissions have been formed in every state to raise an "Army of Poultrymen." The object is to get the people living in suburban towns or villages or having a yard in connection with a city home, to keep a flock of chickens. It is a matter of small investment to get the necessary equipment to take care of them, and it is certainly the least that every one of us can do for Uncle Sam. Besides, it insures a steady supply of eggs for your own table at low cost. Eggs on the market will be high in price next year. But even if they should go to one dollar a dozen they will be cheaper than meat will be at the



WE ARE BUYING THRIFT STAMPS.

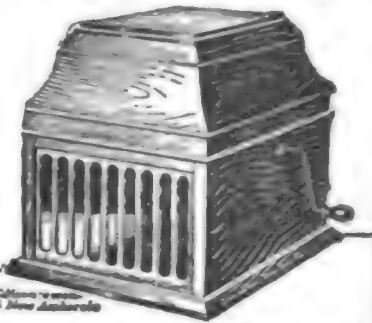
same time, and more cheap, if you manufacture them yourself in your own back yard, largely from scraps from the table, which would otherwise be waste. And the farmer and commercial poultryman will profit by the increase of small flocks, for they will create a demand for chicks, hatching eggs and breeding stock. Prices of these things are higher this year than ever before, and next year the back yard poultry keepers will all want chicks or hatching eggs again.

After the war there will be a tremendous demand from overseas for breeding stock, and the man who still has a large flock will win his reward. Then we will turn the tables on England. She will be importing birds from America. The other countries of Europe practically have no chickens remaining today. It stands to reason that where there is famine threatening, the chickens have all been eaten up by this time. After the war these countries will all turn to chickens as a quick source of meat, just as we are doing now, and it will pay you to hold on to your flocks until that time, and raise more in order to have mature birds ready for the day when the war will end, which we all hope will be soon. In the meantime it is our business to win the war, and every one can do a great deal to hasten the victory by raising as many chickens as they possibly can.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the editorial department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

L. M.—Stronger chickens and better results are generally obtained by using two-year-old hens in the breeding pens. The best way to work up a flock of good layers is to select the earliest and heaviest layers from year-old stock, and allow them free range with good grain and vegetable food, but no extra stimulating rations, to force egg production during the second winter. In this way your two-year-old hens will be in full strength and vigor in the spring, when you want their eggs for hatching. But I don't think the trouble which you have been having for the last four years has been caused entirely by using pullets which have been forced for eggs during the winter as brooders. From your description of the spots on the livers of the chicks which you examined after death, I am inclined to think that you have got some hens in your flock which are slightly infected by one of the spores or mold diseases, for the microbes which cause the disease of the liver which most frequently attacks turkeys, and is commonly known as blackhead, are parasite microbes. Until the last few years it was supposed that this disease was confined entirely to turkeys, but now we know that all fowls are subject to attack, though they rarely show any outward symptoms, and the disease never gains very much headway with them, though the germs are spread broadcast through the agency of their droppings, and when picked up by young chickens or turkeys, enter the digestive organs with their food or drink, and an inflamed condition of the intestines causes rapid death in young stock. The condition of the liver in any of these three diseases is caused by the blood carrying



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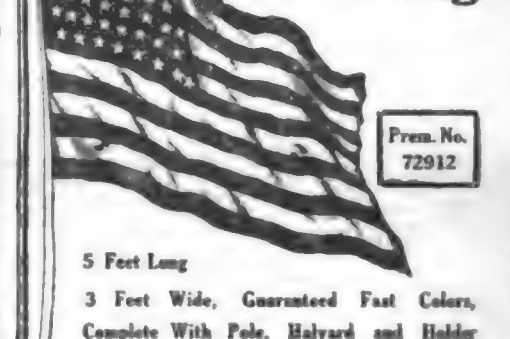
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germs into the liver, when numerous centers of the disease appear, and show yellowish spots, which, when cut across, will be found to be irregularly globular in shape. It is not positively known whether the germs of these diseases are present in the eggs laid by affected hens or turkeys, but there is no doubt that they are present on the shell, which collects the germs as the egg passes through the egg passage from the bird. It is for this reason that all eggs should be wiped with alcohol before being put under hens or in incubators. The germs of the above diseases are apt to linger in incubators and brooders, and frequently originate in old hay, moldy ground or other waste matter. So as a matter of prevention, incubators should be disinfected after each hatch, and brooders should be disinfected after each hatch, and brooding material for setting hens should be clean, sweet hay. As you have a good flock of hens, it seems a pity to part with them, and really not necessary, if you will work along the lines of prevention during the coming fall and winter. Thoroughly clean and disinfect all the houses at frequent intervals. Have the yards or ground where the hens are in the habit of congregating covered with fresh lime, which should be turned under after twenty-four hours. If it is possible to seed the ground, so much the better—it will sweeten it. As soon as you stop using eggs for hatching, add a thimbleful of permanganate of potassium to every four quarts of drinking water, until November. This will kill the germs which the hens may be carrying. For young chicks once attached there is no cure, though giving them sour milk to drink from the time they are hatched is supposed to act as a preventive.

E. B.—From your description of the liver and lungs after death, there is little doubt that the fowls were suffering from tuberculosis, which is very contagious and so difficult to detect in the early stages that it is almost impossible to cure as the vital organs are usually past repair before doctoring starts. The only safe way to eradicate the trouble is to get rid of all your present stock. Thoroughly disinfect the premises, blow up all ground in the vicinity of the chicken houses, and seek to catch any, or any quick-growing crop, then start with an entirely new strain of birds.

J. R. T.—I cannot understand the condition you describe with your incubator chicks, unless you allowed the heat to run up and down very suddenly during the period of incubation. You ask if it could be caused by the shaking of the incubator. Yes; it certainly could. An incubator should stand firmly and evenly, where there is no danger of its receiving jerks or shakes. Before setting the machine again, I advise you to thoroughly study the directions which came with it, and refer to COMFORT of last January and February.

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Please remember that we absolutely guarantee this flag to be fast colors. Neither sun, snow nor rain can affect it.

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If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

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Volume 6 Thirty-two designs in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet—a varied and beautiful assortment of tatted handkerchief edging, edgings and insertions, tatted yokes, boudoir caps, towel edging, medallions; yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet.

Volume 7 Thirty handsome novelty crocheted designs including rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf, and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hat pin holder, jewel box, vanity tray coin purse, utility bag, starfish doll, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces.

WE advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken. If however you do not care for the whole library at this time we have arranged the following special offers which give you the opportunity to secure any three books or the entire seven books. When ordering please be very careful to state the desired number of each book.

Offer 8011. For one 1-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. After June 30 we will send you any two books for one 1-year subscription (not your own) at 35 cents. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer No. 8013. For three 1-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you the complete library just as described above—seven volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing nearly 800 beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet and tatting designs with complete directions for working. After June 30, we will send you the complete library for two 1-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Hair in Summer

SUMMER is here, girls, and it behooves us to give a little extra thought to our toilets, else we run the risk of not seeming as neat and sweet as we mean to be. Perhaps the first thing which should engage our attention is our hair. Summer hair, let me warn you, is a real responsibility. The shampoos which are sufficient to keep the hair clean in winter, when the scalp is dry and does not accumulate dust, are too few in summer. The big thing to remember about hair, at any season of the year, is that when it is not clean is the time to wash it, no matter when you had your last shampoo.

Since, however, too frequent shampoos are drying to the hair, you should exercise all the care possible to keep it clean for the regulation period between shampoos—which, for oily hair, is two weeks; for dry hair, three weeks.

The big agent of uncleanness in summer is perspiration, and of course the scalp perspires almost as freely as the rest of the body. We can remove the clothes from the body, and air and bathe it, once or twice a day; but the hair which clothes the scalp cannot be removed, alas! for any such purpose. We can, however, air our hair and should do so at least once a day.

On arising in the morning (of course you have slept with the hair very loosely braided), unbraided the hair and shake it out. Rub the loose hair between the folds of a Turkish bath towel and give the scalp a brisk tussling as well. Stand by an open window and toss the hair here and there, letting the breezes blow on every portion of the scalp. Let it hang loose while dressing, and until just before you don your morning frock. It needs a good brisk brushing, with a tossing motion, before you arrange it as you are accustomed to wear it.

In the afternoon, while you are changing your dress, let the hair down again, rub thoroughly with a bath towel to dry scalp and hair, and air and brush as before.

Do not make the mistake of shaking powder into the hair. It will dry, to be sure, but it will also clog the scalp, cause irritation, dandruff, and often, later, excessive oiliness.

If you keep the scalp perfectly sweet and fresh, you may add a dainty touch by adding a fillet about the head, made of a narrow ribbon with a lining of another ribbon stitched to it, sachet powder being sprinkled between the two ribbon layers. A small flat two-inch pad of ribbon made in the same way, with no wadding, but a very little sachet powder folded in a layer of tissue and laid between the ribbons before stitching, can be used instead of the ribbon fillet, if it is made of silk the color of the hair and slipped under the back coil of hair or concealed beneath the hair that rolls away from the forehead. Beware of perfumes, however, if the scalp is not perfectly fresh and sweet, otherwise instead of the delicate fragrance you expect, there will be a musty odor not at all pleasant to encounter.

Brush your hair one hundred strokes at night by an open window to remove all oil of the day and let the air reach every portion of the scalp. And be sure your brush is not only clean but bone-dry before using.

When dressing the hair for the day or the occasion, put it up very carefully, using plenty of invisible pins to keep stray locks in order, and to shape becomingly the way the hair lies upon the head. Then, once well dressed, try not to fuss with it before next hair-dressing time. Do not wear a hat too long at a time, as it heats the head. Go hatless (with the hair protected by a loosely



PUT THE HAIR UP CAREFULLY, THEN LET IT ALONE.

put-on net), with the protection of a parasol for neighborhood calls or short walks.

And, above all, girls, do not forget to shampoo regularly, to rinse thoroughly and to dry in the sun.

Next month we will talk about other ways of keeping dainty in summer.

Answers to Questions

BLUE EYES.—Oh, my dear! "Get short and fat within a week"? I am afraid that is too big a contract for me to undertake. And I wonder if you wouldn't be sorry if I really did it for you. To be "tall and slim" is ever so much nicer than to be short and fat, and you would soon be asking me to change you back again. It isn't a bit fashionable to be fat, my dear, and all the women I know would give a great deal to be able to say they were tall and slim. So be very grateful, and tell your friends that you wouldn't change for anything. If, however, you have quite decided that you want to weigh a few more pounds, eat plenty of potatoes, rice, milk, cream, sugar on your oatmeal, butter on your bread. These are all fat-making foods. Avoid pickles and sour relishes. Exercise every day, walk in the open air, play tennis, row, swim, or do any other outdoor thing which is possible where you live. And drink about eight to ten glasses of water a day. Also see that your bowels are kept in excellent condition daily. But don't expect to get fat in a week. It will take a good many weeks. The quickest way is to take the milk diet, for which I have given directions many times in COMFORT; on that diet you can gain from one to three pounds a week—sometimes more.

If you are roundshouldered, that probably means that you are not careful to sit erect, but read or study or do other things all bent over. Whenever you seat yourself, be sure that the end of your spine touches the back of the chair, and that the back is kept erect, not bent. You can lean back against the chair if you want, but keeping the back perfectly straight; if you bend forward, let it be from the hips and not bending at the waist. A good exercise for you to practice is as follows:

For Round Shoulders

Stand with heels together, toes out, shoulders dropped, chin up. Raise your arms until they are straight in front of you on a level with your shoulders, palms touching. Now throw the arms back violently, without bending the elbows, as if trying to make them meet in the middle of the back. Be sure not to let them fall below the level of the shoulders. You probably will not be able to throw them very far back, at first, if you are already stooped, but practice this exercise for twenty or thirty times, twice a day, and every day you will do it a little better. The big thing is to remember that your elbows must not be bent, in practicing it, and that you must not let the arms fall

below the shoulder level. Throw the arms back, then bring them front again; throw back violently; then front again, and keep on repeating. In walking, hold chin up, straighten back, and drop shoulders. Do not throw shoulders sharply back, as that merely makes a bad shoulder line, but let them drop easily, at the same time raising the chest.

HOPS.—Here you are, thinking 121 pounds is too much to weigh, and just above you is "Blue Eyes," who is distressed because she is tall and slim. Pretty hard, isn't it, to satisfy everybody? You do not tell me how tall you are, so I cannot tell whether 121 is too much or too little. My guess would be that it is not an ounce too much. It may be that your legs are too fat in proportion to the rest of the body, since you seem to complain most about them. If that is the case, I suggest that you practice the following exercise:

To Reduce Calves of Legs

Stand with heels together, hands on hips, back erect, and chin up. Now rise on the toes until you are on



RUB THE HAIR WITH A TOWEL EVERY TIME YOU LET IT DOWN.

the very tips, and remain there for a second, letting yourself down again very, very slowly indeed. This will strain the leg muscles and help to reduce the flesh. If you let yourself down too quickly, the muscles are not strained enough to do any good.

Another good exercise is to take same position, rise on toes, and then bend knees and sink to squatting position, with heels not touching floor, and with back perfectly straight. Rise to standing position again, sink to squatting position, and repeat ten or fifteen times.

UTAH.—If your skin breaks out first and then the skin scales off, the first thing for you to do is to look to your diet. Nearly everything in the nature of an eruption starts with a stomach condition. Cut out too many sweets, rich gravies, or desserts, salt or dried meats and fish, and eat plenty of green vegetables and fruits, and if possible chicken and fresh fish. At this season of the year you can select an ideal diet; you can choose between asparagus, string beans, peas, carrots, beets, lettuce, onions, cabbage, okra, spinach (most excellent for you; I wish you would eat it at least twice a week; any other kind of greens is equally good), summer squash, etc. You have the summer berries, and later peaches and apricots and pears, to say nothing of melons, which are particularly good. In default of fresh fruits, you can eat baked apples, stewed prunes or apricots (soaked over night in cold water, after washing, and then cooked very slowly for a long time in the water in which they have soaked. You must drink plenty of water (see answer to "Blue Eyes"), and above all things you must see that your bowels move freely daily. If you will eat prunes every morning for breakfast, drink eight to ten glasses of water daily, and exercise every day (the squatting exercise given to "Hope" will be good for you), this will take care of itself. Get a good pure face cream and after bathing the face in hot soapy water at night, rinsing in warm water, then in cool, rub in the cold cream and leave on all night. In the morning wash in tepid water. Do not use soap on the face except at night. The green liquid soap you can get at the drug-store would be a good soap for you, although any of the white household soaps are also good. Do not use powder on the face without first applying cold cream, well rubbed in, and wiping off any surplus with a pad of absorbent cotton. With these precautions, I think you will soon find your skin clearing up.

MISS V. G.—See answer to "Utah." You say, however, that you are careful to eat plenty of fruits. Cut out all candy, cake and sweet desserts, and gravies, as well as preserves. I am glad you exercise so freely. It may be that the pimples of which you complain are due to your age. Let them alone, except for careful bathing and attention to your bowels. For your large pores and blackheads, scrub the face nightly with a camel's-hair brush and hot soapy water, being careful not to irritate any pimples you may have. Then rinse in warm water several times and finally in cold water. In the morning use only tepid water, and form the habit of rinsing last in cold water.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

The door swung back heavily. "Time's up, sir," said the warden.

It did not seem five minutes, but it was nearer forty than thirty.

"I'll come," said Sir Thomas Annesley, and he looked ten years older. Ravenel, I nearly forgot. The duchess wrote to me. She's coming here to Valehampton, to be near you. She'll come here as often as they'll let her.

"I'm glad," simply. "But I think I only want you." (And one other, whose hand she would never touch again in life!)

She sat down, tearless. One breath, of all the world, she could have hidden her face against; one strong shoulder would have known her tears. But between Adrian Gordon and her was a deep gulf set; a gulf of blood that cried aloud.

But Tommy Annesley was blind with tears as he drove the long ten miles between Valehampton and Levalion Castle. It was bitter work staying there eating Adrian's bread; but he could not go away.

"Perhaps the duchess will take me with her," he thought. "Hill—" But even to himself he could not finish. When the trial was over it was not likely that Tommy Annesley would have overmuch care for what happened. He would get away, he and Jacobs, from every soul who had known him—would work, somehow, for his living. A lump rose in his throat as he walked into the broad hall of Levalion Castle, all soft firelight and welcome, and thought of its mistress sitting on her pallet bed in Valehampton jail.

Tea was waiting, but he could not swallow it. He flew out into the desolate, twilight garden, and

rambled aimlessly, he hardly saw where. Jacobs, for once, was not with him; all alone, his hands in his pockets, his slow feet silent on the frozen grass. Sir Thomas walked mechanically, racking his brain to no purpose over that mysterious man and woman the detectives had been unable to trace.

He might have racked his brain still harder if he had known the reason of the silence that reigned concerning them. In Adrian's theory about the absconding tenant of the bungalow, no one believed at all. Arlington's man had been almost openly unbelieving about dragging a strange woman into the case, and the prosecution merely smiled at the idea of there being any mystery whatever, thanks to that hasty evidence of Sir Thomas Annesley's. It was all very well for him to believe he had made a mistake; no one else did. In the eyes of the world, those two people who drank champagne in a wood had been Captain Gordon and Lady Levalion, since the only man who could have sworn to her whereabouts was dead!

"If I only could think of something!" the boy mused desperately, and stopped short at a queer sound.

He had wandered into the dark kitchen-garden, behind a row of deserted potting sheds; and from them came a sound exactly like the beating of carpets. It was no concern of Tommy's, though the hour was a queer one, and he was moving on when a pitiful moaning like a dog being beaten to death made him jump. His thoughts flew to the absent Jacobs, and the cook who had a grudge against him.

Silent, with flying feet, Tommy ran to the back of the shed, full of fury. But as he paused by the latticed, glassless window at the back of it, he knew it was no dog which was concerned in the carpet-beating, but a boy.

"Don't! don't!" he was crying. I won't go away. I'll stay with you. I'll do whatever you say!"

The sound of blows ceased. "That is a sensible, amiable boy!" said a voice, and it was the chef's. "And you will say to the world that you love me—that there was never any one like me, eh?"

The boy groaned.

"Yes!"

Sir Thomas heard the whistle of a stick up-lifted.

"Oh, yes! Don't hit me."

"It's for your good that I break the bones in your skin," returned Carrousel. "We shall hear no more of this running away?"

"No," in exhausted sobs. "I'll stay. I'll do whatever you tell me."

Sir Thomas bounced round the corner of the shed.

"What the devil's this?" he said fiercely, and a lighted match flickered in his hand.

There was Carrousel, his face like a devil's, grasping a heavy stick, and on the mud floor the boot-boy, quivering with pain. The match went out.

"How dare you beat the boy like that?" cried Tommy. "I'll have you up for assault."

"He disobeyed me, refused to do his work."

In the dark, Carrousel's boot grazed the boy's ribs. "Did you not, eh?"

"Yes." The answer was little better than a moan.

"I don't see what a cook has to do with blacking boots!" angrily. "And if he disobeyed you a dozen times, you've no right to beat him like this."

"He runs my errands," said Carrousel, sullenly. "He would not do his work; he played, idled."

"You get out of this and let him alone," authoritatively. "And if I catch you at this again, I'll have you arrested. Go now, sharp! My dog'll be here in a minute."

"You threaten me—intimidate?" In the dark, Carrousel's face was not pretty. But like lightning he changed his tone.

"I regret if you think the punishment too severe. The boy—earned it!" He spoke like oil, and in the dark stooped and whispered two words in the boot-boy's ear.

"Clear out!" Tommy stamped his foot, unconscious of that whisper. "Get back to your pots and pans, or I'll have you driven there."

Jacobs! I'll Jacobs," he yelled.

But Monsieur Carrousel was gone. Tommy stooped over the boot-boy.

"Why did you let him beat you like that?" he said. "Why didn't you yell?"

But he got no answer. Another match flickered in the shed. Towers, the boot-boy, was lying on his face, shaking with sobs.

"See here," said Tommy, "don't! Here's half a crown for you"—his last coin—"if you couldn't fight that beast why didn't you complain if he ill-treated you? Has he done it before?"

No answer.

"Well," disgustedly, "if you won't tell, I shall! I'll have Carrousel hauled up."

Towers said something; caught at Tommy in the dark, as if to stop him.

"Don't!" he gasped. "Don't sir! He'd kill me."

"Rot! He couldn't. What's the matter with him? Has he got anything against you—why are you afraid of him?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Four Beautiful Ferns



PREMIUM NO. 6112

Given For Two Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the Asplenium Platyneuron or "Lace" fern, the Boisselii, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitmanii or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Boisselii," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns, each one of them a strong, healthy, well-rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. After June 30, we will send you four ferns for two one-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Rider Agents Wanted

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Mead "Motorbikes"**—completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the famous **"Meade"** line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL**. Send for big free catalog and particulars of our **Factory-direct-to-Rider** marvelous offers and terms.

TIRES—Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundrys, and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices.

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MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. A-3, CHICAGO

Crying Infant Doll

Premium No. 7284

For A Club
Of Four



THIS is the latest in crying dolls. It cries "Mama" so playfully that it actually startles everyone who hears it. No strings to pull. You simply press it gently in the back and the wonderful voice responds instantly. The vocal mechanism by which this doll imitates a baby's cry completely fills its chubby body. The marvelous contrivance is thoroughly made and its articulation of "Mama" is surprising, not to say bewildering to those who hear it. Including dress and all this little infant measures 14 inches in length. The pretty white infant's dress and hood is trimmed with lace and handsome blue silk ribbon bows. She has blue eyes and a cute baby curl peeps out from beneath the hood in a truly life-like manner. This doll is unbreakable, the head being made of a special indestructible composition of a natural fleshlike color. No matter how many dolls the children now have, they will surely be delighted with this one and every mother who reads this offer should take advantage of it at once. We will send you this new infant doll exactly as described upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you this crying infant doll free by parcel post prepaid. After June 30, we will send you this doll for three one-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. Premium No. 7284.

Birth-stone Rings



For A Club Of Two!

THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which each applies and its symbol.

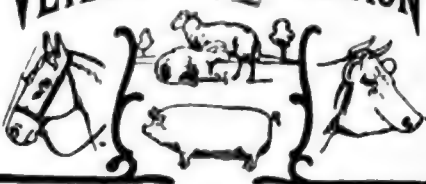
- No. 7633. January, The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
- No. 7642. February, The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
- No. 7653. March, The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
- No. 7662. April, The Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
- No. 7672. May, The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
- No. 7682. June, The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
- No. 7692. July, The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
- No. 7702. August, The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
- No. 7712. September, The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
- No. 7722. October, The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
- No. 7732. November, The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
- No. 7742. December, The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful birthstone rings set with the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful birthstone rings set with the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful birthstone rings set with the ever popular "Tiffany" style.

Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled birthstone rings by parcel post prepaid. After June 30, we will send you one ring for two one-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

HIDEBOUND COW.—I have a cow that is hidebound. She gives three gallons of milk a day and eats heartily, though she looks badly. Mrs. S. W. A.—Tuberculosis in all probability is the cause of the hidebound condition and emaciation and if the disease is present the milk is dangerous for use. You should have a qualified veterinarian apply the tuberculin test. Under the circumstances we should not feel justified in prescribing treatment, as the cow may have a dangerous disease. Do not use her milk unless she passes the test.

BLOODY MILK.—My cow, three years old last spring, has her first calf. Blood comes from the front teat on the left side. W. Q. A.—A growth in the teat doubtless bleeds from irritation at milking time. A skilled surgeon possibly may be able to remove the growth by operation. If that cannot be done it would be best to dry off the milk secretion in the affected quarter.

EPILEPSY.—My horse has what appears to be fits on certain changes of the moon. He turns around and around until he falls, trembling all over. His head draws back, and when he gets up appears blind for a few minutes. He is seven years old and a good worker. B. W. P.

A.—This is a brain and nerve trouble and is incurable. The fits will be less likely to occur if you never let the horse stand for a single day without work or exercise. See that the collar fits. The horse might work better in a breast collar. Keep the bowels active.

CALLOUS.—I have a six-year-old mare, which was rope burned last fall on the back side of one hind leg, just above the hock. While it has healed and does not seem to hurt, there is a growth about the size of a man's index finger. Can you suggest anything that will remove it? R. L.

A.—It is unlikely that the callous can be removed without operating. Try the effects of iodine ointment rubbed in once daily.

FALLING HORSE.—My horse, three years old, will lie down and not get up for some little time. In trotting he will fall down and lie for ten minutes. V. McF.

A.—Allow the horse a roomy box stall in the stable. If he then becomes cast it will be necessary to put slings under him at night. Feed him well to keep up his strength. Lamppas merely indicates that the teeth need attention from a competent veterinarian. Feed old ear corn, and twice daily rub the swelling with a block of alum. Describe a case of what you term "distemper" and we will be glad to prescribe treatment. Say whether it is a dog or horse that is affected.

HIDEBOUND COW.—I have a cow; her hide is tight. I have been breaking it loose for three months and it isn't any looser. J. C.

A.—This is a constitutional trouble, so that local treatment will not help. It is quite possible that the cow has tuberculosis, so have her tested with tuberculin to find out. Meanwhile, feed one pound of flaxseed meal twice a day along with wheat bran, corn and grass or clover and alfalfa hay.

COUGH.—My mare coughs when she pulls or trots, but not much when standing in the stable. There is no discharge from the nose. Mrs. F. M.

A.—Wet all feed, after having her teeth put in order by a veterinarian. If she has no fever she may be worked. If the cough persists, give half an ounce of glyco-heroin, or equine syrup three times a day and if necessary increase the dose. The causes of cough are so many and different that we cannot assign the exact cause without making an examination.

GROWTH.—My mule colt, three years old, has a large wart on her head, in front of where the head-stall comes. It extends up to her left ear. A. C. H. Castor oil rubbed in once or twice daily in time does away with masses of small warts on the muzzle, but would scarcely suffice for a large growth. It would be best to have the growth dissected out by a surgeon. If it is not cancerous it will not return, but cancer is not uncommon at the location mentioned. If you cannot have the operation performed, apply lard around the growth, make the part raw and rub in old powdered salamoniac.

RED MILK.—I buy milk. If I let it stand four or five days it turns a pink or rose color cream and the sour milk is pinkish. What is the cause? I have had cows for years, but never saw milk turn pink. The milk is not very rich. Is it healthy? Mrs. P. S.

A.—When the redness is not due to blood in the milk it is caused by a micro-organism or germ known as bacillus prodigiosus, which is present in the milk utensils or the water with which they are washed. Most scrupulously cleanse and scald the milk vessels. If the trouble continues, sterilize the utensils with a solution of hypo-chlorite of soda used according to directions given by a creamery man.

CANKER.—I am a reader of COMFORT and I am writing for information regarding canker in rabbits. I bought a Belgian hare doe which I think has canker. I also brought a buck home in the same sack. Will he take it from the doe? Tell me how to prevent other rabbits from taking it. T. D.

A.—We cannot give an opinion or advice unless you describe the disease or conditions which you term "canker." We do not know whether you mean canker of the mouth, or ear or some other part.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters. Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

R. E. G., Illinois.—We think that you have a legal right to fix the price at which you are willing to sell gravel from your farm in Indiana.

Mrs. A. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a person by his will may disinherit his child or children living at the time of the execution of the will, but that where any person shall have made a will and shall afterwards marry or have a child or children not provided for in such will, and die leaving either a widow or child, such person shall be presumed to have died intestate as to the interest of the child or widow in his estate, and such widow, child or children shall be entitled to such shares of the estate as if he had actually died intestate.

T. M. R., Virginia.—We think it better that separate tax bills be made out for the separate properties of the husband and wife, and that each pay their own taxes; we do not, however, think that the payment of taxes

by the husband on the wife's property would alone establish title to the property in the husband, even though the tax receipt was made out to him.

Mrs. M. A. H., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving a surviving widow and children or descendants, his widow is entitled to dower of one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of the personal property, absolutely; that this share may be increased, but cannot be decreased by will; that the wife has no present interest in the husband's property during his lifetime, except that she is entitled and can compel him to support her, unless he is separated from her for good cause, or unless she abandons him without good cause; we think that under ordinary circumstances it would be an act of cruelty for him to compel her to turn over to a public institution, the grandchild she took as a baby, and might constitute a good cause for her to compel him to provide separate support for her.

T. D. L., Alabama.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that, in the absence of a will, and in the absence of a legal adoption, you would have no interest in the estates of the persons who took you, when a little child, and brought you up, unless you have a near enough blood relative to come within the degree of relationship to entitle you to a share as an heir at law or next of kin.

Mrs. M. D. H., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that the fact that the married couple you mention were married in another state under conditions which are not legally permitted in your state, would affect the validity of their marriage, provided they were legally married in the state where the ceremony was performed.

J. H., South Dakota.—The Constitution of the United States provides that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States; we think this applies to the children of alien parents born here as well, and in the same manner as the children of citizens of the United States, except, of course, children of alien parents born in the United States in cases where such alien parents are not under the jurisdiction of this country; this would apply to the children of foreign diplomats born here, and children of alien parents born here while the parents were traveling or visiting here.

BROWN EYES, Illinois.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the marriage of either males or females under the age of twenty-one years.

Mrs. A. S., Missouri.—We do not think the children of your husband by a former marriage would be heirs of your estate under the laws of any state in the Union, except that in case your husband survives you and receives property from your estate all of his children would, of course, be entitled to receive a share of his estate; he makes some other disposition by will; we think that if your husband is the beneficiary named in your life insurance policy, in case he survives you, such of the proceeds as he may have at the time of his death, would be administered as his estate.

A. L. H., Indiana.—We think that Acts of Congress become effective either at the time of passage, or at the time stated in the bill.

J. C., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the mortgage you mention was legally foreclosed and the woman who gave the mortgage was the owner of the property in fee, the children of such woman would have no interest in the property.

J. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we think parents can disinherit children by will; we do not think your divorced husband is entitled to any part of your estate; we think to constitute a valid will the testator must possess testamentary capacity, must not be under undue influence, and that the will must be legally drawn and executed, and must express testator's true intent.

Mrs. H. E. W., Wisconsin.—We think that if the deed, of the property you mention, has been recorded without the wife's signature, it would now be better to have her execute a release of dower in the property by separate instrument.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

all coming fine and enjoy it. We do most of the garden work evenings, after supper, and just hate to stop working at night, but when the shadows of evening fall we enjoy sitting under the shade trees by the door and talking of what has been accomplished today and making plans for the morrow, and later, when the night is quiet, we listen to the faraway call of the nightingale and whippoorwill and all the troubles of the world leave us and we feel at peace with God and man.

City and country people mingle together so much nowadays that there isn't much difference so far as goodness, badness or education is concerned. I expect some of you love your city work and surroundings as much as I do the country and that is a very good reason for staying there. I admire you all for your patriotism for your place of living for "there is no place like home." I like to see you stand up for your life, be it city or country, but, please, girls, let us be careful how we down the other fellow. Every time I read COMFORT I think how many wonderful women there are and wish you could visit me. I assure you all a hearty welcome, both city and country girls. What is it you like? Music. We aren't great musicians but play the piano and John the violin.

Reading you say. Here is Shakespeare and a few other old standbys, and a few of the latest books. I said just a few, for our library is small but we are adding to it every year as we progress another step along the financial road. If you girls like fancy work here is some of my latest work in tatting, crocheting and embroidery. You see I find a little time for each. Are you hungry? Come out into my kitchen and I leave it to you to judge whether I can cook or not. I hear the sweetest word in the English language. It is my boy calling, "Mother." Before I go I will give you a description of myself. I am a Yankee, five feet five inches tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds and have grey eyes and tawny colored hair, and still in my twenties. SUNNY JANE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

For chocolate or tea stains, wash in cold water.

Rub white goods with liquid ammonia to remove iodine stains.

Wash the hands in mustard water to remove the odor of onions, etc.

Sift a little flour over cakes before icing and the icing will not run off.

Grease with butter the bottom of a dish that you are boiling milk in and it will not scorch so quickly.

Save your lemon rinds and use them for kindling. A handful of dried lemon rinds will revive a fire that is almost out.

If you wish to bake potatoes quickly, place them in hot water fifteen or twenty minutes before you put them in the oven.

Don't buy new shoestrings when the tip comes off. Melt a little sealing wax and dip the end of the lace in it and roll it between the thumb and finger until it is cold and of right shape. It will last for a long time.

BEDBUG EXTERMINATOR.—Buy fifteen or twenty cents' worth of rough on rats. Mix one half of it with kerosene and spray all the bugs you can find. Mix the remaining half with lard and put it in all the cracks and crevices. When the bugs hatch out of the eggs they eat of this and die. It does not evaporate or dry up so quickly as most remedies.

Remedies

Make a poultice of ripe figs for boils.

To soften rough hands, use a little ammonia or borax in the water in which you wash them.

Make a poultice of bread, moistened with water and powdered with common soda, for lry poison.

Inflamed eyes are often relieved by cutting a potato in halves, scooping out the inside and binding it over the lids.

To better protect against accidental poisoning, buy a dozen or more tiny bells and tie one on every bottle containing poison.

Requests

How to make rye bread, using yeast.

To buy last year's COMFORTS. Mrs. WILL WHITE, Cabool, Mo.

\$314 a Month

Rainy Day Profits
I want a hundred more men and women to act as my representatives and take orders for Kantank raincoats. Cooper made \$14 last month. Jennie Ross \$10 for spare time in one week. I'll pay you \$2,500 a year for four average orders a day, or \$14 a week for an order a day taken in your spare time.

Big Demand
Wonderful values. A dandy coat for \$3.50. No delivering or collecting. No capital required.

Sample Coat Free
I furnish everything to start you with. Sixty-five beautiful samples. Write now for my offer. This is worth a thousand dollars to you if you act quick. Send no money. We'll send a postal or letter for full information.

FREE
A Time Raincoat that will save you \$50 a week

THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. J-113, Dayton, Ohio

WITTE

Kero-Oil Engines
Twice the Power at Half the Cost
Size 2 to 30 H.P.—Select Your Own Terms—Direct from Factory prices your own order—Save \$15 to \$200. Prompt delivery. Write for new catalog. How to Judge Quality—By return mail. Write Today. 2414 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 1000 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will any reader who has the novel, "The House on the Island," or other books by Rita W. Pierce, kindly write me, giving list. Will pay for same or exchange books. This story was published in "The People's Home Journal," beginning December, 1901; Miss E. H. PITCHER, Oswego, N. Y.

Poem, "The Rebel Flag," containing the words:

"Sadly we gazed upon the flag,
Torn from our brothers' hands,
And shed a tear for those once loved
Now joined the traitors' band."

"They have put our flag beneath their feet,
They have trailed it in the dust,
And to the breeze their flag unfurled
And placed in it their trust."

CORA LEWIS, Bridgewater, Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information by her sister, Henrietta, of Mrs. Fred Schultz, formerly Amelia Procknow, last heard from near Birmingham, Alabama, thirty years ago. Mrs. J. Speaker, Midland, R. H. 6, Box 117, Mich.

Information of my sister, Mary Kern, who was taken west from a "Home" near New York by Charles Perry. Please notify Thomas Kern, Mt. Bethel, Care Jos. Shoemaker, Pa.

Comfort Post Card Requests

The following would like to correspond with other subscribers for the exchange of souvenir post cards.

John W. Murphy, 407 Main St., Barnhill, Ohio, (colored scenery and building). Christ Reingesser, 1942 East 20th St., Lorain, Ohio. Joe Kirby, R. R. 1, Box 56, Okla. Miss Ruby Butler, Detroit, Maine.

LADIES: SELL MAURINE BEAUTY CREAM.

It sells and repeats in every home. CREDIT GRANTED HONEST RELIABLE LADIES. THE MAURINE COMPANY, SOUTH BEND, IND.

Dandruff, ITCHING SCALP, GRAY AND FALLING HAIR

Free Booklet: MADAME REBE, 1629 Montrose, Chicago

\$25 to \$50 a Week EARNED

We want men and women agents to take orders for our old established Soap, Perfum, Face Creams, Toilet Articles. Fast sellers—big profits. Write for free sample and money-making offer. CROFTS & WELLS CO., Dept. D, Chicago, Ill.

GET this Car FREE

Learn the Auto Business now at reduced rates and earn one by sending on names. CROFTS & WELLS CO., 2082 Webster Avenue, Chicago. C.A. Croft, Pres.

\$1.75

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

Tendervest our business, we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail for only \$1.75. Gentlemen's size, full metal silver plated case, movements on steel. Overwarranted, come wind and run out, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with \$1.75 and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send \$1.75 today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT

Premium No. 7763

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set**. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERLINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one and one half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, mailed on or before June 30, we will send this Set Free by parcel post prepaid. After June 30, we will send you this premium for two one-year subscriptions at 35 cents each. Premium No. 7763. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

GEORGE LITE, Jane Lew, W. Va.—Here is a subscriber who asks if any of COMFORT's big army of readers can tell him where he may procure the Cowhorn potato which he remembers planting forty years ago. Not the same identical tuber, but a 1918 supply which he can use for seed. This is described as a blue potato, and is tapered and crooked like a cow's horn from which it is named. This does not sound like the description of an attractive looking vegetable, and for our part we prefer to stick to Green Mountain.

L. H. New Market, Ind.—There are several good hand-knitting machines on the market, and these little time-savers do remarkable work. This Department is not permitted to express an opinion regarding the reliability or unreliability of any particular company or machine.

MRS. M. J. V. Mount Vernon, Ky.—The Commercial Human Hair Co., 144 West 21st St., and the Rose Hair Co., 79 East 10th St., both buy human hair. These are New York City firms.

MRS. J. L. G. Elbert, Texas.—June 24, 1872, was a Monday.

M. W. Greenbush, Minn.—Trained telephone operators are being enrolled for service in France, but only those speaking French and English are desired. Write to the Employment Department of the New York Telephone Co., 457 Broadway, New York City.

MRS. ELLA LOWDEN, 19 Cleveland Avenue, Rockville Center, L. I., appeals to COMFORT readers to tell her where she can procure balsam for the filling of sofa pillows. The Maine woods abound in fir-balsam trees which produce the leaves used for this purpose.

A. G. K., New Port, Hickey, Fla.—Most assuredly there is a market for alligator hides. Do you live in Florida and have to write to Maine to find that out? Write to the H. Shure Company, 874 Broadway, New York City, and ask them to tell you where you may sell your skins. What you will get for them depends upon their quality and size.

M. L. F., Chugwater, Wyo.—It is necessary to get further back than 1883 or 1867 to have coins command a premium. Your dime is worth exactly two nickels—and no more. If you are interested in the collection of coins, you should watch COMFORT's advertising columns, where firms can be found who are specialists in old coins and both buy and sell them.

O. R., Timber Lake, S. D.—The Salvation Army works to evangelize the great number of people who are not in touch with the influence of the church. The movement was started in England in 1865 by William Booth, and the name of Salvation Army was adopted in 1878. The doctrines of the Salvation Army are in harmony with those of the orthodox churches, but its methods and system of government are different. The Salvation Army's work among prisoners is well known, and an active field of operations is found in no less than sixty-three countries and colonies. In America the work is divided into two Departments—that of the East and that of the West. Headquarters are in New York and Chicago. For further information you should address, the Chicago office at 108-114 North Dearborn street.

M. S., Archbold, Ohio.—Oil, or rather petroleum, has been known since earliest times in various parts of the world—either by its appearance as a spring or by being found as a floating scum on the surface of streams and pools. It was known and used in Babylon and Nineveh. In Roman times it was obtained from Sicily and burned in lamps. In America, petroleum was first mentioned in a letter written in 1603 by a French missionary, who referred to springs found in what would now be northwestern Pennsylvania. Early settlers collected oil by digging wells and scooping out the liquid which seeped in. Modern drilling for oil commenced about 1825. Petroleum is considered by geologists to be a result of the destructive distillation of vegetable matter contained in the rocks. Petroleum has been much used and appreciated by the Rockefeller family, and in one of its refined forms the only product is of great value to all owners of Ford cars.

A. S., Springfield, La.—Modern mirrors are not backed with quicksilver, but with nitrate of silver, which makes a much better reflecting surface. The thoroughly cleaned glass is placed on a warm table and over it is poured a liquid made by dissolving nitrate of silver in ammonia—with a precipitating solution of tartaric acid. The heat helps the solution to adhere to the glass. Afterwards, a coat of shellac and then a coat of paint complete the process. By the quicksilver method the glass was first backed by sheets of tinfoil rubbed down smooth. It was then covered with quicksilver held in place by a woolen cloth weighted over the glass. After twenty-four hours the cloth was removed and the glass placed at an angle to permit the draining off of such of the solution as had not amalgamated with the tin. The quicksilver method has not been used since 1855.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

JULY always seems an especially patriotic month, though all the months lately have been patriotic, and it gives the butterfly sort of summer girls a chance to prove their true worth, and even though I've received just as many silly, summery letters as ever there is an undertone of seriousness in them that was never there before. You wouldn't be girls if you weren't silly at times and that's just what we like about you. Isn't it nice of me to be so appreciative, but don't thank me for I'm a busy woman.

The first letter is from Nadinola (a pretty name but it sounds more like a toilet preparation) and you were silly to feel hurt because your sweetheart tried to enlist. That was his duty and you should have been proud of him. But why waste your love on such a will-o'-the-wisp person as he became later. Let him go to Florida or the South Sea Isles, if he wants to, and don't get the idea that you've got to apologize to him because he went away from you. My, my, haven't girls of today any pride at all?

SAD CHILD, Seneca, Neb.—You may think you are a "sad child" now but you will be a much sadder one if you don't mind your mother. Are the "hugs" your

"feller" gives you when he kisses you good "nite" any different from the common garden variety of hugs? Your spelling is not all right, as you so anxiously inquire. Thus your spelling book for the next three years, or longer, instead of boys, and you will be much better off.

BLUE EYES, Seneca, Neb.—Sixteen isn't very old but you are old enough to know more than your letter indicates. You are taking an awful chance when you kiss that ten-cent store engagement ring of yours. Aren't you afraid of getting poisoned? You are too silly to be engaged, even if you were old enough.

HELLO GIRL, Seneca, Neb.—Your letter is so ridiculous that I am inclined to think you are trying to jolly me. I'm sorry for you if you really mean all you have written.

THREE GIRLS, Bedford, Mo.—"Young ladies" of twelve, thirteen and fourteen should be playing with dolls, when not in school, instead of keeping company with "young men" of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Maybe the young man who came to see you and sat in the parlor and scratched his head all the evening had cooties, so keep away from him. Why not present him with a fine comb? It may have been due to nervousness. Give him a picture book or a toy of some sort next time and he will feel more at ease.

G. & M., Glenn, S. Dak.—It behooves a country school teacher, of all people, to be very circumspect in her behavior and set a good example for her pupils, and certainly sitting in a car, even in your own garage, from midnight until three o'clock in the morning, with a young man, wouldn't sound well if the neighbors knew it, and somehow neighbors have a way all their own of finding out things. You shouldn't show favoritism even if you are in love with your fifteen-year-old pupil. Why don't you wait until he grows up? You don't want to be called a cradle snatcher, do you?

ANXIOUS, Hyde Park, Vt.—It would serve you just right to have the married man get a divorce and marry you and then treat you as shamefully as he is treating his wife. How would you like that? You should be ashamed to think you are taking him away from his wife and two children, though the chances are they would be better off without him. Don't marry the other man either. Wait until you have proven yourself worthy of a good man's love.

M. T., St. Ignace, Mich.—The mere fact that Michigan is going dry doesn't mean that it is safe to marry the man who gets intoxicated frequently. Tell him just why, too.

X. Y. Z., Aubrey, Texas.—Yes, and eighteen-year-old girl could be a stenographer if she studied hard enough, but I don't think she could hold her position very long if she wrote "explane" when she meant "explain." Some employers are so fussy! Talk to the principal of your high school or business college.

ANNIE, Greenwich, N. Y.—Always thank everyone for any courtesy or kindness, no matter how small. I think it would be all right to go to the movies twice a week if your parents do not object and the young man is a right sort of fellow. It is proper for you to signify your wishes to return home and the man should comply instantly.

B. M., Merkel, Texas.—Of course it was all right to kiss your fiancé good by when he returned to the navy. Maybe he says he doesn't care if you go with other boys during his absence and doubtless he thinks he doesn't care, but he will be more pleased if you do not, and will love you all the more for it.

L. E. H., N. Mex.—Yes, dear, your spelling is poor, extremely so, and I am not surprised that you have been sick for a week and are nervous—though I don't think nervousness alone ever made anyone spell as you do. Almost any fifteen-year-old girl who is in the habit of going from ten to fifty miles, even once a week, to dance and staying up all night would be nervous. Maybe your mother thinks it is all right, but I don't, and you won't either, in ten years from now.

PUZZLED, White Oak, Okla.—Marry the man you love, only be sure you love him, and it might be well to wait a year or two until he had acquired a little more of this world's goods, else you might wish that you had married the older man with the money.

LU., S. Cal.—Never mind if he did get cross because you wouldn't go to the train to see him. If he wants to see you, let him come where you are. If your mother doesn't object to your writing friendly letters to a man you have known since you were a child, I don't see why I should, provided he isn't a married man.

RUBY, New York.—Maybe you would be happy with a husband thirty-four years older than yourself but I doubt it very much. I wouldn't. Ask him if he won't, please, adopt you.

M. S., Wheaton, Minn.—Poor girl, she says she is heartbroken because her "guy" has forsaken her. To be the cruel guy to break her heart, only I don't think it is broken. Ask him frankly what has happened and then if he shows no disposition to make up just remember there are lots of other guys.

BLUE EYES, Okla.—Poor little wife, only seventeen years old and now her husband doesn't love her or their baby girl. I am sorry for you, Blue Eyes, and would help you if I could, but if little girls are silly and run away and get married they almost always have to suffer for it. Be patient and good a while longer and perhaps everything will come out all right. I hope so. Be a good mother to your little girl. Girls, in general, this is the result of runaway matches, so stop, look and listen if you are contemplating the same thing.

Somehow or other I've been unusually stern this month but it's all for your own good. That's what every meddling person says, isn't it, but I really mean it. Next month I'll try and be nice to you.

Good by until then.

COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

few months should be sufficient proof that I was right. Here is a man who saw his mistake and who though over the draft age has gone to risk his life for an idea and a principle. In his heart is the Christ spirit. Right, righteousness, liberty and freedom and all those blessed and holy things which men hold dearer than life, can only be maintained by those who are ready to sacrifice their all that those things shall continue to exist. We were long in realizing this fact, but we are realizing it now. The old struggle between light and darkness, right and wrong has gone on all down the ages, the powers of darkness and tyranny must be crushed and once they are crushed the sword can be sheathed and the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God will be realized. Oscar Vogstad is doing his best to realize them. Go thou and do likewise.

444 E. 87th St., NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Will you kindly explain what all this German talk about freedom of the seas means. I suppose it is some tricky Prussian propaganda. I am an American girl of German parentage and Yankee Doodle right through. I am twenty-three years of age, five feet in height and have been in every state in the U. S.

Your niece, LUCILLE WEBER.

Germany is the greatest military power and was striving with all her might to become the greatest naval power also. The tiny British Isles are much more densely populated than is Germany. Britain is a manufacturing nation. She never has but a few weeks' food on hand. She depends absolutely on her fleet to protect her shores and commerce and keep open her trade routes with her colonies. Without her fleet, Britain would go broke and starve to death and be an easy prey to the invader for she does not train her men to be soldiers. Bismarck said Germany could not fight England, nor England Germany, as it would be like an elephant trying to fight a whale. England did not attempt to go into the elephant business, as she might have done, but Germany did almost succeed in becoming a whale as well as an elephant, openly boasting that "Der tag" (the day) would soon come when she could drive Britain from the seas. Historians will tell you that British naval power has been employed time and again as the last bulwark of freedom against great military powers which have threatened to overwhelm the freedom of their neighbors by brute strength. It smashed the Spanish Armada. It smashed the power of Louis XIV. and a century later it smashed the hopes of Napoleon and saved Europe, and it has policed and driven piracy from the seas. Incl-



\$450 FORD AUTO

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

Here's Another \$450 Ford Touring Car to be awarded soon to some one who sends us his name and address, follows our instructions, and enters in our subscription selling contest. Also 16 other Grand Prizes awarded to other successful contestants. Liberal Cash Reward paid to each person who takes active part in contest whether or not he wins Ford Car or other Grand Prize.

HOW TO GET STARTED

Find five hidden faces in the picture. Mark faces with pencil, clip out picture, mail to us with name and address NOW. If you do this we will then enter you in the Contest with 1,000 Points to your credit, and send you full particulars and everything needed. MRS. MARKS, R. J. Calhoun, Ky., won the last Ford. Some one will get this next one. WHY NOT YOU? Answer NOW. FARM LIFE, Dept. 187, Spencer, Indiana



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian Diamond Ring, the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14K gold ring, set with 1-1/2 carat diamond. Diamond is beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.25 C. O. D. charge to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Read no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger. KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 24, CHICAGO

FIBRE-LITE Limbs

Easy Payments—No Nature's Work. State Where Length Above or Below Knee. FREE FIBRE SAMPLE. WORMAN CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

"I am not afraid. He is kind to me. I will go with him if he leaves this place."

Tommy drew a long breath. The short sentences had come out in the singsong whine of the village school, exactly as if they had been learned by rote.

"Then you must be a fool!" he observed candidly. "Do you mean you don't want me to complain of the beast?"

Towers said no, still in that unnatural voice. "Go back to the house and wash your face!" the other boy, who was but four years older, advised. "And if he beats you again, you come to me, and I'll settle him."

Towers' teeth chattered. "I made him angry," he said, shivering. "I won't do it again. Don't say anything, sir; oh, please!"

"All right," disgustedly. "If you like being pounded, it's no concern of mine!" and, being cold, he assisted the boot-boy to his feet and departed.

"Carrousel did look like a devil!" he thought. "But the boy seems half-witted. Yet—"

He stopped short in the dark. "Cooky looked as if he would kill him!" he gasped. "I wonder if—it couldn't be. But if I could think it, I—I'd make him swing."

He ran to the house as hard as he could go. For the first time he had "thought of something."

"Mr. Arlington," he cried, bursting in on the lawyer where he sat toiling over bundles of Levallois's neglected and unopened letters in the hope of finding some clue to some one who had a grudge against him. "Do you know Captain Gordon's address?" For reasons of his own he said nothing about that trivial incident in the garden.

"No!" slowly. "Lord Levallois's, you mean? I've never heard one word from him."

The boy's flushed face paled.

Read The Whole Story Now!



"THE Girl He Loved" will hold you entranced to the very end. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book free by mail postpaid. Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by accepting this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE & IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in sixteen years, and get a peep at his bigson, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, interesting, and useful book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh and cry and cry and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 100 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, still covers, gold topped. Free for four subs at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Birth day presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and story books will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

dently it has done more than we have in upholding the Monroe doctrine. Germany wants to rob Britain of her sea power—the only thing she fears. She wants to escape being blockaded in time of war and let the British navy lie idle while she draws supplies from all the world. That's why there was such a big bowl about munitions being carried from American ports by British vessels, to the firing line. Germany's fleet could not prevent this being done, so right in the middle of a war she wanted to change international law, so that she could fetch supplies from this country without interference from the British navy. She wanted British sea power nullified so as to weaken Britain and double her strength. Meanwhile she was drawing raw materials, food, and war supplies from Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark and every other neutral nation that surrounded her. The German submarine Deutschland made two trips here for war supplies—while German sympathizers howled with delight. Anything Germany does is all right, while anything England, America and her allies do is wrong and a crime. Germany, while prattling of freedom of the seas is at this very moment attempting to starve Great Britain with her submarines. If, however, there is to be freedom of the seas then there must be freedom of the land, but you don't hear Germany howling for freedom of the land or freedom for anything or anybody. That would not work to her advantage. Germany, hog that she is, has no conception of honor, decency or fair play or sportsmanship, and whines like a cur when her enemies possess the slightest thing that gives them an advantage over her. Germany is not only the champion murderer of the ages, she is also the arch hump and hypocrite as well.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do, to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number. You will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

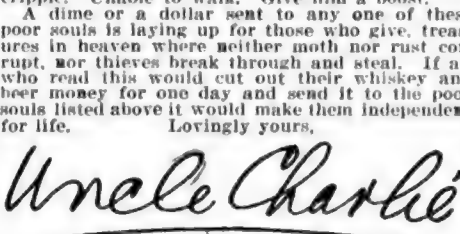
The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Marguerite Emerson, 601 Flower City Park, Rochester, N. Y. Lady of refinement, now confined to city hospital with spinal and hip trouble. Alone in the world. Shall appreciate as a personal favor anything you can do to brighten her life of suffering and poverty. Mrs. Bettie Witt, Shuff, Vt. Invalid. Widow with two little boys, aged 12 and 9 respectively. She has lung trouble and is very poor, sick and needy. Would appreciate second-hand clothing for herself and boys, and any financial assistance you care to send her. Isaac Price, R. 2, Box 26, Lenoir, N. C. Confined to bed from rheumatism for 46 years. No means of support. Wife also an invalid. Send them a dime shower. Miss Fannie Craig, Sanville, Va. Invalid. No means of support. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. J. C. Cress, R. R. 1, Mountain City, Tenn. Invalid for many years. Send him some cheer. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Depends on the charitable for support. Send her some cheer. Miss Myrtle Eshbaugh, Tiowesta, Pa. Lovely character. Invalid. Aged mother her only support. Remember her. Miss Willie Collier, Como, Miss. Invalid. Send her a dime shower. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Helpless cripple. Unable to walk. Give him a boost. A dime or a dollar sent to any one of these poor souls is laying up for those who give, treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. If all who read this would cut out their whiskey and beer money for one day and send it to the poor souls listed above it would make them independent for life. Lovingly yours,



Uncle Charlie's Poems Are a Scream From Start to Finish!

If you are sick, and out of sorts, if you have business cares and worries, if everything that should go right is going wrong, if life seems like a bore and existence a nuisance, there is just one thing that will put you in harmony with the joys of life and prove melancholy and misery impossible, and that is a 160-page, lilac silk bound copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. This superb book of fun contains the best recitations ever gotten together, also a sketch of the author's life, and some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his faithful Maria preparing his monthly talks for COMFORT. This exquisite volume, a princely gift for young or old, can be obtained free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is the Best Ever!

Yes, it is all that and then some! You simply can't beat Uncle Charlie's Song Book. Some song folios contain one good song and the balance slush. Uncle Charlie's Song folio, with its superb cover, on which are four splendid pictures of the composer, contains twenty-eight song hits, songs for every occasion and every song a gem. Here is the chance of your life. Secure five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

An Army of 3,000,000 Back of Nuxated Iron

General Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg Leads the Way; United States Judge Atkinson, Former Governor of West Va. Tells Benefits He Derived From Its Use; Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne Commends Nuxated Iron To All Who Feel the Need of Renewed Energy.

Sworn Statement of Composition of Nuxated Iron Formula Printed Below Should Convince Every Physician and Druggist That It is a Product of Greatest Therapeutic Value. Doctor Tells How Best to Use it to Create New Red Blood Corpuscles and Thereby Greatly Increase Your Strength, Power and Endurance.



General David Stuart Gordon U. S. A. (Retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg; well-known Indian fighter. General Gordon says: "Despite my own advanced age Nuxated Iron made me fit and ready for another campaign, and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go."



General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh who entered the U. S. Army at the age of 11 years. He was promoted to be Surgeon for gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga when only 12 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.

IN discussing Nuxated Iron at a dinner in a fashionable hotel in New York, a well-known man of affairs said that the fact that over three million people annually were endorsing it by their use of it, according to conservative estimates, was to him the strongest possible argument that could be advanced as to its therapeutic efficacy. No newspaper or magazine in the world has a vast army of three million purchasers. It represents more than half the total number of votes usually cast for successful candidates for President. Such an army of trained American Soldiers in France to-day could, in our opinion, immediately sweep the combined armies of the Central Empires back across the Rhine and win a complete victory in less than three months, dictate the terms of peace to Germany in Berlin. Nuxated Iron is such a valuable product to give the "stay-there" strength, power and endurance so much demanded soldiers in the army that General Gibson says that, judging from the results in his own case, he feels that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron, and that it has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Winfield Scott into the City of Mexico.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT PEOPLE WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED NUXATED IRON

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw—Former Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of one of the most strenuous of American Presidents, also former Governor of Iowa.

United States Judge George W. Atkinson—Of the Court of Claims of Washington, D. C., former Governor of W. Va.

General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired)—The drummer boy of Shiloh, who was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 years of age.

Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne—The silver-tongued orator of Minnesota, nominated for Vice-President.

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr—Of Chicago.

General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (Retired)—Well-known Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg.

Former United States Senator Obediah Gardner—Of Maine.

Former First Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States, C. P. Grandfield.

General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (Retired)—Who entered in the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott.

Former United States Senator Wm. V. Sullivan—Of Mississippi.

Judge Samuel S. Yoder—State Senator, Jurist, formerly Surgeon Major in the Army.

Former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenny—Present Judge Advocate General in the 28th Division, Hattiesburg, Miss.

of the incidental complications which indiscriminate dosing so frequently brings to the people who make use of medicaments. It is without hesitation that I recommend Nuxated Iron to persons who in the stress of physical or mental labors have permitted the system to become debilitated, the body exhausted, or the nerves run down. It has restored my appetite and my vitality. I feel that I have dropped off the burden of months of toil in the few weeks that I have been following the very simple directions for the use of Nuxated Iron."

General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg, says: "when I became badly run down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had aroused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

United States Judge George W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, D. C., says: "Only this Spring I have tried your valued prescription, Nuxated Iron, as a tonic and restorative following on the rigors of the past winter. The results have been simply marvelous. I have never had recourse to a medicine whose results were as satisfactory, so complete and so free from any

Former United States Senator Chas. A. Towne says: "As a member of Congress from New York, as a member of Congress and Senator from Minnesota, as participant in political campaigns and candidate for Vice-President, my nervous energy and reserve force were tremendously drawn upon. That I survived these trials and came into advanced middle life with the elasticity and strength of a boy is unquestionably due to the righteously attention I have paid to the proper care of my body. Recently I have been taking Nuxated Iron and have found it of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the advantage of others, to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly recommend Nuxated Iron to all who feel the need of renewed



United States Judge George W. Atkinson (former Governor), says that the results he has obtained from taking Nuxated Iron have been simply marvelous; that he has never had recourse to a medicine whose results were as satisfactory; that within the few weeks he has been taking it he feels he has dropped off the burden of the months of toil.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, in the cabinet of one of the most strenuous of American Presidents. Also former Governor of Iowa. Secretary Shaw has taken Nuxated Iron himself and experienced the benefits of its tonic and health giving properties so that in writing his endorsement he speaks from personal knowledge.

energy and the regularity of bodily functions." Former United States Senator Richard Rolland Kenny, Judge Advocate General, 28th Division Hattiesburg, Miss., says: "It gives me genuine pleasure to bear testimony to the curative properties and the restorative and tonic value of Nuxated Iron. I have been using your prescription for a number of months during which time I have enjoyed an increase of weight, a decided increase in my vigor and in the powers of endurance under the strain of newly accepted duties to the Government. From the time of my retirement from the Senate of the United States, nearly fifteen years ago down to the present time, or rather until the outbreak of the war, I had been actually and unrelentingly engaged in the practice of my profession in my home state. Upon the declaration of war I decided to re-enter public

life which to me meant the army in the midst of war time. With the sustaining tonic of Nuxated Iron I have had no occasion to weaken under the most strenuous duties and the longer the hours of work and study, the better I have felt. I beg to recommend to every man, whether he works with hand or brain, the invaluable medicament which only yourselves prepare. It has no equal on the market."

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and medical author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails and they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the

stimulants and alcoholic beverages. There are thousands who undoubtedly might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets, ordinary nuxated iron, three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run down people who were ailing all the while have increased their strength and endurance in two weeks' time while taking iron in the proper form. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance which is so greatly aided by having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Nuxated Iron is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Nuxated Iron is not recommended for use in cases of acute illness, but only as a tonic strength and blood builder. (In case of acute illness always consult your family physician and be guided by his advice). If in doubt as to whether or not you need a tonic, ask your doctor, as we do not wish to sell you Nuxated Iron if you do not require it. If you should use it and it does not help you, notify us and we will return your money. It is sold by all druggists and general stores. Adv.

Sworn Statement of Composition of Formula of Nuxated Iron

Iron Peptonate (special specific standard)
Quantity given below, Sodium Glycero-phosphates U. S. P. (Monosanto.) Calcium Glycero-phosphates U. S. P. (Monosanto.) P. E. Nux Vomica U. S. P. Cascarin Bitter, Magnesium Carbonate, Po. Ginger U. S. P. Oil Cassia Cinnamon U. S. P. Calcium Carbonate Precip. U. P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other makes of iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost, but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy. Glycero-phosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycero-phosphates are said to contain phosphorous in a state very similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of man.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycero-phosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most other tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons is very great, and the public is hereby warned to be careful and see every bottle is plainly labeled "NUXATED IRON" by the Dae Health Laboratories, Paris, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. Look out for preparations labeled Nux and Iron and other similar names, as these preparations are not the genuine Nuxated Iron. If you have taken other forms of iron without success, this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you. We guarantee satisfaction to every customer or your money will be refunded.—Dae Health Laboratories, Detroit, Mich.

SOME OF THE PHYSICIANS WHO HAVE PRESCRIBED AND RECOMMENDED NUXATED IRON

Dr. James Francis Sullivan—Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

Dr. A. J. Newman—Late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

Dr. Ferdinand King—New York physician and Medical Author.

Dr. Schuyler C. James—Formerly Visiting Surgeon St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York.

Dr. F. Kerback—Graduate of Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

Dr. J. W. Armistead—Graduate of the University of Alabama, School of Medicine, Mobile.

Dr. D. F. Canons—Graduate of the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. C. W. Bailey—Graduate of the State University of Iowa.

Dr. W. O. Parish—Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Iowa.

Dr. E. Truett—Graduate of the University of Arkansas, Medical Dept., Little Rock.

Dr. E. C. Ballard—Graduate of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati.

Dr. R. C. Baugh—Graduate of the Memphis Hospital College, Memphis.

Dr. M. B. Pollard—Graduate of the University of Texas, Dept. of Medicine, Galveston.

Dr. J. D. Shahan—Graduate of the Louisville Medical College.

Dr. E. Cross—Graduate of the Tulane University, School of Medicine, New Orleans.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—To Travel By Automobile introducing our Big Line of fast summer sellers. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day easy. Complete outfit and automobile furnished to workers. Write at once for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 3515 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents: Something new. 2 in 1 reversible raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats for the price of one. Guaranteed. Big seller. Clear \$12 a day. Write for territory and demonstrating sample. Guaranteed Raincoat Co., 3515 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

How Much Gasoline can you sell at 2c per gallon? World tests for three years to prove it. Secure exclusive rights for your county. "Carbonoid," Box "G", Bradley Beach, N. J.

New Patriotic Pictures. "Perishing in France," "Duty Calls," "Her Sacrifice," "Berlin or Bust," Sample free. Also portrait catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., Station CO, Chicago.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents: New 10 in 1 kitchen tool. Every housewife buys. Not sold in stores. Easy seller. Big profits. Write for demonstrating sample. Thomas Tool Co., 3719 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inside Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

A Fine Income selling Kleenexes Tablets the laundry sensation. Repeat orders continually. No risk. Sales guaranteed. Send no money. Men and women investigate. Kleenex Co., 253-2A Church St., New York.

Agents: Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good territory. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 1524 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Powerene is Equal to Gasoline at from 2 to 5c a gallon; salesmen and agents wanted; exclusive territory granted. Powerene is guaranteed to be harmless, to remove and prevent carbon, doubling the life of motors, saving repairs, adding Snap, Speed and Power. An amount equal to 20 gallons of gasoline, sent to any address in the United States, charges prepaid, for \$1.00. W. Porter Barnes, Santa Rosa, Cal., Dept. 8 R.

Agents: Sell rich looking 36x58 imported Rugs. \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 95c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

1000% Profit—Transfer letters and Flag Emblems. Applied to automobiles, trunks, bags, etc. while owner waits. Charge \$1.50, profit \$1.38. Free samples. Auto Monogram Supply Company, 74 Niagara Bldg., Newark, N.J.

Would You Like To Wear A Beautiful New Suit, made to your own measure Free, and make \$35 to \$50 every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful sample and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 276, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED

Men—Women wanted for government war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacation; other advantages. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Ask for booklet "QL" free to citizens. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS

Crucified Anne Cath. Emmerich and Visions, Nativity, Egypt, Cana; 250 pages, 4 books, 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

SONG POEMS

Write Us Words For A Song. We will compose music—facilitate free publication. Send verses on love, war, any subject. Fairchild Music Co., 283 Broadway 152, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 348, Wash., D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$75.00 to \$150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

Learn Dress Designing. \$30 week. Learn while earning. Lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 250 Rochester, N. Y.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for patterns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 2338 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Thousands Women Wanted. Government War Positions. \$100 month. List Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 9, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Writer's Service, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment service rendered Members. Nat'l Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n. Dept. 105-H, Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen Wanted—Reliable Men That can furnish team and wagon to travel in the country and sell old established line of medicines, flavorings, spices, soaps, toilets, condition powder, etc. Permanent work. Pay Big. Write today for free copy of "Opportunity." It tells how. Seminole Medicine Co., Boone, Ia., Box 228.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND

Hardwood Land in Michigan's best counties. 10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. \$15 to \$30 per acre. Easy payments. Free insurance. No taxes for 5 yrs. Money loaned to erect buildings and make improvements. Good for general crops, poultry, fruit. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., 11246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventors Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. 1918 Edition Patent book free. High class service. Fees reasonable. Send sketch for actual search and report. George F. Kimmel, Patent Lawyer, 27-G Oriental Building, Washington, D. C.

Invent Something. Your Ideas May bring wealth. Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4204 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

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Millions Spent Annually for Ideas! Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, how to invent, ideas wanted, how we help you sell, etc. 303, Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$100 to \$200 Profit Weekly. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 2-A 238 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

HELP WANTED

Railroads Want Traffic Inspectors. Pay \$125 to \$200 mo.; all expenses, advancement; 3 mos. home study; booklet Ltd free. Frontier Preparatory School, Buffalo, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks For Sale, 10 varieties, thousands per week, strong, healthy, hatched circular free. Old Hensley Hatchery, Dept. G, New Washington, Ohio.

INVENTIONS

Cash for Inventions and patents. Square deal assured. Send sketch or patent to Fisher Mfg. Co., 3091 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$5. A Day Gathering Evergreens, Roots and Herbs. Ginseng, \$14. lb. Beadon Seed, \$64. lb. or grow it yourself. Book and war prices free. Botanical—2 New Haven, Conn.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Any Size Kodak Film Developed 10c, six prints Free with first roll; or send six negatives and 10c for trial. Ask for Bargain Price-list. Shea & Williams, 2075 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Kodak-ers, Save 50c. Extraordinary offer, our beautiful art-style prints, brilliant, artistic, different. Trial order developing film roll 5c, prints 2c each, \$5000 equipment, 27 years art experience. Maiden Art Co., 10, Cincinnati, O.

Mail Us 10c with any size film for develop- ment and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 238 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Films Developed 5c Each. Prints 3c each any size. Post cards 4c each, 40c per doz. L. Loney, Hartford City, Ind.

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Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

TOILET ARTICLES

Freckles Positively Removed, by Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment, or money back. By mail the Free Booklet. Dr. C. H. Barry Co., 2275 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

Will Pay \$7.00 for 1863 Quarter, no arrows; \$100.00 for 1853 Half without arrows; \$2.00 for 1904 Dollar, proof. We buy all rare coins to 1912, cents, to dollars, and old bills. Cash premiums paid. Send 4c. Get Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Ft. Worth, Tex.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mrs. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

Make Money Writing Short Stories, Or Articles. Big Pay: Send for free information. United Press Syndicate, Dept. 07, Los Angeles.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Free—The Western Miner. 3 mos. to get acquainted; devoted to an exceptional investment and news. 2539 W. 37th Ave., Denver, Colo.

War Gardens Paid \$94 Per Hour

SO many stories have been circulated that war gardens do not pay—stories that may be genuine German propaganda—that it is a pleasure to be able to present some actual figures—probably the most thoroughly business-like figures kept last year, to show that war gardens do pay.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. of Akron, Ohio, has turned over to its employees some vacant land near their factories for war gardens. In order to determine if this ground was used profitably, they installed a time clock in the tool house. Gardeners "punched in" when they went to work and "punched out" when they stopped work, just as factory workers do. This enabled the Firestone Company to keep an exact record of the time spent by their employees in the garden. Seeds were sold at cost and all the garden produce raised was checked and priced at regular retail prices.

The figures kept by the company showed that vegetables, etc., valued at \$14,205.50 were raised on 265 gardens. Each man or woman who worked in a garden received an average of 94c worth of garden produce for every hour worked. Figures like that effectually put an end to the propaganda that War Gardens do not pay and give people a good idea of how profitable it is to raise their own garden truck.

Spraying "Circles" for Farmers

Community cooperation in spraying, particularly in the control of such diseases as potato late blight and tomato leaf spot, is urged by the United States Department of Agriculture. The department is suggesting to county agents and extension pathologists the early organization of such spraying "circles" to deal more effectively this year with such destructive plant diseases. A community spraying outfit with a man and team continuously employed throughout the season is both economical and efficient, department officials say, and proved a successful plan in Vermont and New York last year. In one New York community the average spraying cost per acre for the season was as low as 65 cents while the cost of one application averaged 13 cents an acre. Detailed reports of the organization and operation of the community spraying circles as they were conducted in Vermont and New York are being made available by the department to workers.

Farmer Attains "Efficiency"

To show how farmers of the United States are meeting the shortage of farm help a field agent of the Bureau of Crop Estimates in a recent report told of seeing a farmer in Indiana, driving a team of six horses hitched to a disc plow and leading three horses drawing a harrow. He was working nine horses and two modern farming implements, and doing the work of several men and teams under the old system of farming.

By Name and by Nature

A chap named Spies was arrested in New York for anarchistic statements. He was ultra fashionably dressed and wore suede shoes. He must have been even suspicious of himself.—Boston Advertiser.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

The Leopard's Spots

Buffalo Jones, the animal hunter and trainer, was telling an after-dinner story: "Pete had charge of the animal tent, and among his pets was a leopard, the only one with the show. He was a bad leopard, too, and gave Pete far more trouble than all the rest of the menagerie together. One day, when the show was in New Jersey, I went out to Chicago to arrange some business. While I was having dinner a telegram was handed me. It read: 'The leopard has escaped. Frowning about town. What shall I do, Pete.'"

"Pete was one of those fellows who had to have explicit directions to do anything, even in an emergency. He was always afraid of making a mistake. I rushed from the table and sent a reply. 'Shoot him on the spot! I wired. Being unusually busy, I forgot all about the affair until about two hours later, when I returned to the hotel, and another telegram was handed me. It proved to be from careful, conscientious Pete, and asked: "Which spot?"

Our Amateur Soldier

"Now, men," said the Captain of a training camp company of recruits, "I will give the command to charge at double quick. The barbed-wire fence yonder will be the entanglement—see how quick you can get through." After the company had made the charge, the Captain looked back and saw one of the rear rank privates standing on the other side of the barbed wires. "What the dickens is the matter?" he shouted. "Can't you obey a command?" "Shore—but you see, Keptin, I lost my pants in a poker game, last night, and these I got on now ain't mine!"—Louisville Herald.

Ideal Alarm Clock

A customer had overhauled a large number of clocks of all shapes, sizes and descriptions, but nothing seemed exactly to suit his tastes. At length the jeweler, in despair, fetched out a massive time-piece of complicated design.



"Here, sir, is a clock which will, I think, suit your aesthetic taste. At precisely 10 o'clock every morning the tiny

bells chime and a bird hops out and sings a carol."

"I will take that if you will make a few changes in it."

"With pleasure," the jeweler said.

"I have a daughter," went on the customer, "and I want the clock for the room where she entertains her company. Make it so that at 11 o'clock at night a milkman's bell will ring and a newsboy will skip out and shout, 'Morning papers!'"—Chicago Herald.

Auto Suggestion

Mrs. A.—"You say brandy's a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you."

Mrs. B.—"What do you know about it?"

Mrs. A.—"A great deal. Before I began to keep brandy in the house my husband seldom had colic, but now he has it almost every day."—Louisville Herald.

Holding Him to His Word

Bobby (trying to get away)—"Say, pa, wait a minute. Didn't you tell the callers last night that I couldn't be beat for mischief?"

Father—"That's just what I did, you young rascal."

Bobby—"Well, then, what do you mean by beating me now?"—Boston Transcript.

Retribution

The teacher was telling her class a long, highly-embellished story of Santa Claus, and the mirth of Willie Jones evidently got entirely beyond his control.

"Willie," said the teacher, sternly, "what did I whip you for, yesterday?"

"For lying," promptly answered Willie, "an' I was jest wonderin' who was goin' to whip you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Listening

There is a species of sentry groups employed near the trenches. They are called "listening patrols," and their duties are to be always on the alert to give timely warning of any attempted attack. One night an officer on his rounds inspected a listening patrol stationed in an empty farmhouse. He asked, "Who are you?"

The reply was, "Listening patrol, sir."

"What are your duties?"

"We listen for the hen cacklin', and then we get the eggs, sir."

Letters to Read

Little Willie, age six, was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked: "Where have you been, son?"

"Playing postman," replied Willie. "I gave a letter to all the houses in our street. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother in amusement.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.

A Note to Teacher

A school teacher once received a note like this: "Dear Teacher: Please excuse Johnny today. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this example, if a field is 4 miles square, how long will it take a man walking 3 miles an hour to walk 2 1/2 times around it? Johnny is no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late tonight, though it would be hard going. Dear Teacher, please make the next problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. Goodness knows I don't have any time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Respy' yrs, "Mrs. Jones."

Right!

Mrs. Askem—"Haven't you observed that the designers take a woman's head to adorn many of your coins?"



Happy Day

"Twenty years ago was the happiest day of my life."

"That couldn't have been the date of your marriage. You're too young to have been married so long."

"No, it wasn't that. Just twenty years ago was the first time a barber asked me if I wanted a shave when I went in to get a haircut."

Hopeless Case

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried driller—re-geant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger. "No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standing to attention, and the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!"—Louisville Herald.

Food Value of Milk

The following statement with reference to milk has been made by the United States Food Administration:

"Milk is one of the most important food sources the human race possesses. For the proper nourishment of the child it is absolutely indispensable and its use should be kept up in the diet as long as possible. Not only does it contain all the essential food elements in the most available form for ready digestion, but recent scientific discoveries show it to be especially rich in certain peculiar properties that alone render growth possible. This essential quality makes it also of special value in the sick room. In hospitals it has also been shown that the wounded recover more rapidly when they have milk."

"For the purpose of stimulating growth, and especially in children, butter fat and other constituents of milk have no substitutes. Therefore, every parent owes to himself and to his family the duty of providing requisite amounts of milk, butter, cheese and other dairy products. During this last winter when there was much agitation in some of the larger cities over the price of milk, which was advanced from two to three cents per quart by reason of the rapid rise in the cost of feed and labor, many families among the poor were found giving their children tea and coffee instead of milk. Such methods of feeding fail to nourish the child properly."

"In spite of the shortage of milk in Germany, that country has at all hazards maintained the milk ration of the children and in the hospitals, even though to do so meant that the adult population has had largely to forego its use. In a 'safety first' health campaign it must be remembered that it should be 'children first.'"

When Peace Comes

Some day peace will come. Thousands—millions of men—will suddenly be thrown back again into civil life. Consider the vastness of the readjustment that will be necessary. Look back at the period of reconstruction after our own Civil War. Prepare for this new period of reconstruction. The day of reckoning is bound to come. Begin to save now. Thrift is the need of the present hope of the future.

Liberty Loan Bonds, War Savings, the safest securities in the world, are a wise provision for the day peace comes.

Great War Loans

The following are the greatest war loans made by various belligerent nations:

British victory loan early in 1917, 5 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$5,096,245,820. United States Second Liberty Loan, 4 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$4,616,000,000.

Eighth German war loan, 4 1/2 per cent and 5 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$3,500,000,000.

French war loan of 1915, 5 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$2,261,364,400.

Austrian seventh war loan, 5 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$1,150,000,000.

Italian fourth war loan, 5 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$1,000,000,000.

Hungary seventh war loan, 6 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$600,000,000.

Canadian victory loan, November, 1917, 5 1/2 per cent. Total subscriptions, \$418,000,000.

The Mother of the Regiment

By Hapsburg Liebe

(See front cover illustration)

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MOST of the officers and men of the —th American Infantry knew and revered old Mrs. Langdon, a widowed New England woman who had made her home in France for a decade. Also, most of these officers and men knew and revered old Mrs. Langdon's daughter, a strikingly pretty young person with New England appleblossom cheeks and an odd mingling of youth's gladness and war's sorrow in her brown eyes. The Langdons now lived in an old stone house in the French village in which the third battalion of the —th Infantry had its rest billets, and they entertained one or more of their countrymen friends almost every evening in their basement sitting-room. A light above ground was likely to draw a Boche airman and a rain of bombs.

The two had already shown their allegiance to the country of their adoption. They had given to France a son and brother, who had died at immortal Verdun.

Young Private Lester Eastman had come back from having done a turn in the front line trenches, with his nerve literally tied up and ready to be thrown away. He had been reared under glass, so to speak, and he had enlisted in the State Guard more for the fun of the thing than for any other reason. His company was now about to "go in" again, and he had turned a chalky white at the bare thought of having that front-line nightmare all over again.

His company commander misunderstood. "You've been suffering from shell shock ever since we came out, Eastman," he said, sympathetically. "Better stay behind at rest billets, and get straightened up."

Eastman turned away, went out, and walked slowly down the fast darkening main street of the old French village. He was glad; and yet, he was calling himself bitterly a coward and a slacker. The further he walked, the more down-hearted he became. But presently he came to himself and found that he was standing like a stone image in front of the darkened door of Mrs. Langdon, that good old woman who was called almost religiously "The Mother of the Regiment."

Blessed be the Providence that cares for these highly strung men who must whip themselves so terribly before they can possibly amount to anything. The door before Eastman opened softly, and a slightly stooped feminine form appeared dimly outlined against the thicker darkness within. She advanced, put a mothering hand on Eastman's drooping shoulder, and peered into his troubled face.

"Oh, it is you, Lester," she said gently. She knew him well; he had been one of the most frequent of her visitors. "Come in, Lester, boy. I can see that you are in some difficulty. Come in and tell Mother Langdon about it; won't you?"

It was very like her to say that. Without a word, he followed her inside, waited while she closed and locked the door, and then went with her down a winding flight of stone steps and into her basement sitting-room. There the girl Sarah sat sewing beside a lamp that burned yellow and dim.

Sarah rose and smiled at him, and offered him a chair. He sat down, and Mother Langdon sat down before him. Eastman looked across to the girl. He loved the girl, though he had never told her of it.

"It won't matter if Sarah hears it," smiled the old woman. "Sarah and I keep nothing from each other. Tell us, boy."

Eastman suddenly straightened in his chair. "I am a coward!" he blazed, in a low and tragic voice. "I was afraid to go with them back to the front-line trenches—I was afraid, afraid!"

Mother Langdon sat looking at him as though she doubted her ears. It was such queer talk, coming from an American, surely! For once, her daughter was the quicker-witted of the two. Sarah dropped her sewing to her chair, walked over beside Eastman and put a hand tenderly on his raven-black hair. War easily kills formalities.

"The fact that you are so much upset over it," she told him, "is proof that you are no coward, Lester. The world's greatest heroes, some of them, have felt just as you feel now. You are merely sick of what you have seen of war; your sensibilities are fine. But this sickness will pass. Perhaps I am taking a great responsibility upon me when I urge you to go back and do your bit with the others, but I do urge you to do that, Lester. I gave my one brother to the cause of civilization and Christianity; I am willing to give my—my friends, too."

In spite of his perturbation, Eastman noted the shining brightness of her eyes as she finished. In that moment the soul of the man knew that she cared for him even as he cared for her, that she was vastly more to her than merely a friend. As though to call him to his duty, there came from somewhere to the eastward the growling, roaring rumble of heavy artillery.

The Mother of the Regiment noticed it. "It means a barrage preparatory to an attack, and it comes from a sector the Americans are holding," she said, while she looked straight at the young soldier. "They will need you there, Lester, my dear. I gave my son; I am willing to give my daughter, myself, and such good friends as you, dear boy—though Heaven knows it is hard to make the sacrifices!"

She choked, then went on firmly: "Has your company already gone, Lester?"

"They started just after I left quarters," he answered. "They've been gone at least an hour, and I don't know the way at night."

Mother Langdon faced her daughter. "Sarah, there is a near way to the front—out by old Jacques Latture's farm, you know. You might go with him for a few miles, and show him this near way. You are not apt to meet a Boche this side of the fighting trenches, but take along the little revolver, and if you meet one—you'll know what to do."

In her was the spirit that has kept unsullied the stars in Old Glory. Realizing that, Lester Eastman honored her for it. He rose and stood straight, his countenance suddenly determined. Then he knelt at her knee, took her withered hand and kissed it, rose and went toward the street a better man than he had ever been before.

And Sarah, with a dark shawl hurriedly flung about her shoulders, and with a tiny revolver in her bosom, followed to show him the way to and through the shell-pitted farm of old Jacques Latture.

Eastman stole into his rest billet, made himself up hastily in heavy marching order, snatched up his rifle and stole back to Sarah, who waited in the unlighted street.

"In the morning," he whispered, as they started toward that ever increasing cannon-thunder in the east, "will you go to quarters and tell them where I've gone?"

"Yes," she whispered, "I'll tell them in the morning."

For miles they hurried over terrain that had but recently been wrested from the possession of the invaders, past gaunt and broken shafts of wood that had once been beautiful trees, through shell-torn entanglements of rusted wire, past gray piles of stone-dust that had once been happy homes. Not once did Sarah lose her way; it was the playground of her early girlhood, which now seemed never to have existed in reality. And during all this time the firing in the east grew rapidly plainer. They could see flashes from big guns and exploding shells now.

The bursting of an overshot Bertha less than

four hundred yards in advance of them brought Eastman to a quick halt. He was still afraid; but he had resolved to kill the thing which he termed his cowardice, or die in the trying.

"What am I thinking of?" he exclaimed above the roar of the Hades in front of them. "You must go back—Sarah, you must go back! Surely, I can find the way from here on to my company. If I can't, I'll fight with some other company. Good by!"

A cannon's flash showed him that she was smiling sweetly at him. She was utterly unshaken. Eastman caught her in his arms and kissed her. "Good by!" he told her again, and this time tremulously.

"If you'll watch closely, you can see a bit of forest straight ahead," she said to him. "Straight beyond that, you will find your comrades. May Heaven keep you for me, Lester."

She turned and ran from him. The flashes of shells and big guns showed Eastman the broken, splintered trees. He ran toward them, reached them, and found himself in the midst of a torrent of bursting shrapnel. Through that rain of fire and steel he struggled desperately, and before long he found himself climbing into a trench filled with men of his own company.

In the sudden light of a flare, one man recognized him. "You slacker!" laughed that grimy-faced, bleeding man. "Where you been, you slacker?"

Eastman wrestled himself free of all his burden save for his rifle and ammunition. He sprang to the firing-step of the trench, which he correctly judged was a trench of the second line. A moment, and he was working the bolt of his rifle

reigned. Eastman dragged himself upon the firing step, just under the breech of the disabled machine gun. He remembered having heard somebody say:

"She won't work—she's jammed!"

A bareheaded man, who also had lain unconscious for hours, rose from the shadows of the ditch and crept up beside Eastman. In this man Eastman recognized Withers, the comrade who had called him a slacker.

"You didn't know, I guess, Eastman," began Withers. "We were setting a trap. Our battalion was attacked, and we were to fall back, fighting as we went, to get about a regiment of Boches into our territory; then other American forces were to close in behind them, on their rear flanks, and put them in a pocket. See? The Germans have passed across now, all right; and they will be surrounded before daylight comes, if some reserves don't come to help them."

Eastman understood, but he said nothing. He struggled erect on the firing-step, and his eyes peered hard toward German land. Then he uttered a little cry that brought Withers up straight to him.

"Look!" Eastman whispered. "There come the German reserves—see? See the gleaming of their bayonets and helmets in the moonlight? Greenhorns, or they'd have camouflaged their helmets and bayonets! If we could get this gun working, Withers, we could hold those reserves—here's ammunition. We've got to work it, Withers; if we don't, the Americans have given ground to the Germans for keeps instead of for trapping them! Do you know anything about this sort of gun?"

America, My Country

By Jens K. Grondahl

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AMERICA, my country, I come at thy call;
I plight thee my troth and I give thee my all;
In peace or in war I am wed to thy weal—
I'll carry thy flag thru the fire and the steel.
Unsullied it floats o'er our peace-loving race,
On sea nor on land shall it suffer disgrace;
In rev'rence I kneel at sweet liberty's shrine:
America, my country, command, I am thine!

America, my country, brave souls gave thee birth—
They yearned for a haven of freedom on earth;
And when thy proud flag to the winds was unfurled,
There came to thy shores the oppressed of the world.
Thy milk and thy honey flow freely for all—
Who takes of thy bounty shall come at thy call;
Who quaffs of thy nectar of freedom shall say:
America, my country, command, I obey!

America, my country, now come is thy hour—
The Lord of hosts counts on thy courage and power;
Humanity pleads for the strength of thy hand,
Lest liberty perish on sea and on land.
Thou guardian of freedom, thou keeper of right,
When liberty bleeds we may trust in thy might,
Divine right of kings or our freedom must fall—
America, my country, I come at thy call!

*Chorus: America, my country, I answer thy call,
That freedom may live and that tyrants may fall,
I owe thee my all and my all will I give—
I do and I die that America may live.*

The foregoing is esteemed by many to be the greatest patriotic song inspired by the present war. It received the applause of Congress when quoted by Representative Siegel in his speech the day war was declared. It has moved men to enlist. It expresses the prevailing patriotic sentiment of our people and has been hailed by some as a new National Anthem. The words with music on sale at the music stores or by the Daily Republican, Red Wing, Minn.

and firing with all the regularity, if not with the rapidity, of a machine-gun nearby and at his left. Shrapnel was exploding around him. Around him men were falling. He did not pause long enough to wonder why he was no longer afraid; if he had, he would have told himself that the example Mother Langdon had set him had saved him; he continued to fire straight toward the slowly but steadily advancing enemy, and every steel jacket he sent whirling across the pitted ground went as deliberately as though he were shooting at a target in a gallery.

When his rifle's barrel was hot enough to fry the oil that had collected inside the stock from frequent cleanings, a shrapnel exploded directly behind and above him, filling the air with flame and flying steel. A splinter struck his right leg; another struck his helmet, denting its crown and dashing him downward, dazed. Dimly he heard the machine-gunner at his left crying out distractedly:

"She won't work! She's jammed—she's jammed!"

And somebody replied: "Leave her there, you flatfoot, and come on!"

To Lester Eastman, a thick blackness settled down over the world. It was so thick that, to him, it shut out the flaming, roaring skies, and the moaning of wounded men—everything.

When he came to, the night was bright with the light of a full moon that had risen while he lay insensible in the bottom of the trench, which was now deserted save for the dead and wounded. His head ached, but it hadn't been cut; his shrapnel helmet had saved him. Lying beside him was a canteen, his own, perhaps; he swallowed some of the water, and bathed his face. The effect was instantaneous, almost marvellous. He rose on one leg; the other seemed shattered below the knee. An ominous quiet

"I've seen them operated, that's all. I could feed one, maybe."

Eastman knew a little concerning rapid-firers. He fell to work on the disabled piece, his fingers flying, and when the Teuton reserves were within two hundred yards of them at the closest point, he had the gun in working condition! Withers helped him, and they soon began to rake the massed ranks of the Boches at the rate of six hundred shots to the minute, a deadly fire that spared nobody. There was plenty of ammunition, fortunately, and the Germans dropped into their own trenches to escape the hail of lead.

"Throw it at them!" Withers kept saying. "They don't know there's only two of us; we sound like a regiment!"

Dawn broke, and the Americans filled their forward trenches, thereby surrounding a thousand of the enemy. Then came the stretcher-bearers, picking up those who had fallen. Two of them halted under the machine-gun that had done such magnificent work. Withers sat there; he was holding the inert body of Lester Eastman in his arms.

"It's Eastman," Withers told them in a thick voice. "Private Eastman, who held the Boche reserves and saved us all. Handle him carefully—he's got a leg nearly off! And get this, men; he did all that fighting standing on his one good leg!"

Eastman opened his eyes in the early morning light. He smiled at Withers, then he made his youthful countenance stern.

"Cut it out, Withers," he said weakly. "It wasn't anything."

Eastman was the last of the badly wounded men taken from the trenches in the clean-up. Where the stretcher-bearers connected with motor ambulances, an American girl, her brown eyes weary and anxious, scanned the pale faces of the

wounded as they reached the ambulance station. When Eastman arrived, she ran up and pressed his hand. It was for him that she had been waiting.

"I heard about what you did," she said happily. "Everybody knows about it. It was splendid, Lester."

"You may ride back with him, if you like, Miss Langdon," said the driver. "I have only him for a passenger this time, unless you go along."

She climbed into the car with Eastman. The driver started the machine, and they were off for the hospital. Sarah Langdon sat beside Eastman, with her proud eyes full upon him.

"It was splendid, Lester," she said again. "Thank you mother, the Mother of the Regiment, for the example she set me," smiled Eastman. "I'll lose this leg below the knee, sure, but I won't get to fight the Boches any more. But I'll still have the knee-joint, and with an artificial limb—Sarah, do you think you could possibly marry such a man?"

Her face bent nearer and nearer to his. "Why, Lester," she murmured tenderly, "wouldn't you need me all the more because of that?"

Thus spoke in her the unconquerable spirit and soul of the Mother of the —th Infantry.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

According to his way of thinking, the death of Sibyl's mother would only complicate matters; for he knew that Raymond would insist upon an immediate marriage, and, even providing that Sibyl's secret was never known beyond their own family circle, he could not think of such an alliance with any degree of satisfaction.

The change did indeed prove a good thing for Sibyl.

Away from the sad associations of the past few months, her whole mind bent upon one purpose—that of caring for her mother, and leading her toward a higher and purer life—she gradually grew to be more restful and content than she had ever hoped to be again.

Mrs. Stillman, too, since she had become more dependent upon her care, seemed more gentle and social, and this, of itself, gave Sibyl much hope and comfort.

Sir Athelstone had taken a charming little cottage, whose broad-covered veranda looked directly out upon the sea; and here they sat day after day, Sibyl with her work or book, either chatting pleasantly, or reading aloud some interesting tale, while the invalid, too weak or too languid to work, lay back in her luxurious easy-chair, and listened as she watched the white-crested waves sweep gracefully ashore, and break upon the glistening beach, a growing thoughtfulness in her dark eyes, an unwonted gravity on her pale face.

"Sibyl, how can you honestly believe that there is a just and merciful God, when He deals out such wretchedness as the world is filled with?" she asked suddenly one day.

They had been reading one of the daily papers which Raymond kept them constantly supplied with, and which was filled with accounts of crime and disaster.

Sibyl's beautiful eyes filled with pain, but her tones were clear and confident as she replied: "I know there is a God who is just and merciful, and like a tender father to his children; but I do not believe that it is He who deals out the wretchedness with which the world is filled, as you express it."

"Who then, pray, if He is the almighty and overruling power?"

"Salvation is far from the wicked, for they love not thy statutes; but great peace have they who love the law, and nothing shall offend them!" Sibyl repeated, opening her Bible, which lay upon the table.

Her companion frowned. "Then, according to that, you believe that my own wickedness has been my curse," she said, sullenly.

"Far be it from me to judge any one else myself," was the soft, sweet answer, "but all the way through this wise book, we are told that sin brings its own punishment, and obedience, and submission their reward."

"I don't see how you can make that rule apply to yourself, for I know of no one who commits less wrong than you do. Perhaps, though, you believe that saying about the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Even then," she added, more to herself than to her companion, "I can't understand how it would work in this case."

Sibyl did not reply for a moment; she knew it was not wise to argue upon these points, though her heart was filled with thankfulness that her mother was pondering upon this vital subject.

But at length she said: "There are a great many things that we cannot understand, but we must accept them as right and necessary, just as we would take the remedies of a trusted physician without knowing what they were, or exactly why they were given. They are often bitter and nauseating, and sometimes make us suffer more than we did before; but we know that they are prescribed by one wiser than we are, and with the end in view of restoring us to health and the enjoyment of life."

"Then sorrow and wretchedness are not punishment after all, but God's medicine to cure us of sin. I think your views are rather contradictory," Mrs. Stillman returned skeptically.

"God knows best what we all need; and I believe there is a wise purpose in every trouble or sorrow that He sends into the world," Sibyl replied.

Then kneeling down by her side, a tender, yearning look in her dark eyes, she continued: "I told you that submission and obedience would always bring their own reward, and I am beginning to find it true in my own case. You have made me very happy this morning by giving me so much of your confidence, and by conversing so freely with me. I am more content at this moment to be caring for you, and ministering to your comfort, than I could ever have been if I had remained as you suggested, in my beautiful home with auntie, therefore, out of my sorrow some good has already come."

Mrs. Stillman, looking earnestly into her beautiful face which shone with the light of her holy, unselfish purpose, knew that she spoke naught but truth.

"How can you feel thus, when I have ruined your life and all your future prospects?" she asked, in solemn wonder.

"No; not so," Sibyl answered, the light in her eyes deepening, the smile upon her lips growing sweeter. "My life is not ruined—I believe I am doing right, and every duty is sweet which will give to me a clear and quiet conscience. Let me make you happy—continue to give me your confidence, as you have done today, and let me lead you into 'greener pastures,' and I will henceforth ask for no purer joys in life."

She bent forward and touched her lips to Mrs. Stillman's white cheek, then arose and went quietly from the room, and no one beholding the pure light upon her face, could doubt that

"Peace like a river attended her way."

Her heart was full. She believed that the "wedge of truth" had at last entered that heart of adamant—that the hitherto invulnerable armor of obstinacy and unbelief had been penetrated, and would ere long be entirely stripped away.

After Sibyl left the room, the invalid sat motionless until she saw the slender, graceful form pacing upon the white, sandy beach; then with a moan of pain, she bowed her head upon the Bible she had left in her lap, and wept long and passionately.

TO BE CONTINUED.